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Introducing the love interests

[image]

A/n: There are so many love interests, I want to have more but guess not- ~ It kinda depends on what yall want, really ~

Art credits: taminton on Instagram

All translations for the foreign languages are all from google translate so if it's incorrect, pls forgive me, and if you know the correct translation, pls tell me-

Also, this is a slow burn-

♡ ~ ——————•✧•—————— ~ ♡

What would happen if one day, you were transported to a world where people with flags on their face has full control over their respective nation, and you'll be serving them?!

Will you ever achieve the ending that opens up the portal to your world, or will you be stuck in this new world ***f o r e v e r*** *?*

Or will you stay, and accept this world as your new home along with your newfound "friends"?

♡ ~ ——————•✧•—————— ~ ♡

♡ ~ *--Love Interests --* ~ ♡

America

Oh~ Such a beauty, you are~ Hmm? Me? A player? I'm afraid that I am kitten. But you still love me after all don't you~ ...Hm, jokes aside, promise that you won't leave me for that tea addict, will you?

Canada

I know my older brother is attractive, but please don't fall for his traps, we both know that I could treat you better than him, you're better off with me...

Australia

Oh hey! Would ya like to have lunch with me? Oh, uh... maybe I'll just grab a happy meal from Mcdonald's or something... What'd ya mean it's for kids- Ame said he made them invented them for me- Okay, that aside, of course Charles the tarantula will come! He loves happy meals!

New Zealand

Oh, greetings. I hope things have been going well for you, if there's anything you need, don't hesitate to tell me, especially if it's related to my brothers... No, no... It won't be too much work, I'm willing to do anything for you, but if you must insist on something in return... a hug could do...

Russia

What do you want? ...No, don't get me wrong, I don't hate you. Just... pick one, will you? You can't date everyone at once... Don't be offended... Люблю тебя... Подсолнух

Люблю тебя... подсолнух: Love you... sunflower

Bela(Belarus)

Y/N, I have something to tell you! But not now! Let's meet up later at this cute coffee shop! Oh! Don't worry 'bout the money, I'll just take 'Raine's money! Hehe~ You're curious? I guess I can give you a quick demo! Я ЦЯБЕ КАХАЮ Y/N!!!

Я ЦЯБЕ КАХАЮ: I LOVE YOU

Bel(Belarus)

...Hmph, how could you be so close to my twin, do you prefer her over me? Not to brag, but I, am always the one who does all the work, I'm the responsible one, I'm the sane one... What do you mean I'm being 'salty'... Fine, я таксама магу зайздросціць, ведаеш...

я таксама магу зайздросціць, ведаеш... : I can be jealous too, you know...

Ukraine

Look, I don't know what you're trying to do to me, but you better stop. Because every time I'm around you, my heart feels as if it's about to explode, so stay away from me! ...Hah?! Are you really going to back away from me? You should've known that I was being playful right? Tsk... дурень...

дурень: dumbass

Kazakhstan

Hm? You want me to carry you and fly around the city? Not what a world leader should be doing, eh? Just kidding, I'll help you fly... But hey, if you love being in the sky so much, why don't you become mine? I'm sure the others won't be able to provide you with such luxuries...періште.

періште: angel

Germany

To me, work is the most important thing in this world, and I'd be willing to work under any circumstances as long as it gets done. But, ever since you came along, it wasn't the same anymore...Du bist mein ein und alles, Liebe...

Du bist mein ein und alles, Liebe: You are my everything, my love

France

Love is unnecessary, I learned that a long time ago, but clearly, Francia did not. She had been in many relationships before, even if our father did not approve of it, and as for me, I'd just stood on the side and scoffed at her, too familiar with her antics. But here I am, en train de t'aimer ...

En train de t'aimer : loving you

Poland

Hm? Oh, why do I love you? I am slightly... eccentric, as Germany says. It was the result of suffering so much in wars, and I'm helpless about it. For that, I have severe trust issues, and others often hate me once they know me personally... But you've broken my walls, and loved me for me! That's exactly why I love you mój drogi.

Mój drogi: my dear

Switzerland

Out of everything I've seen and everyone I've talked to, none was as remarkable as you were, why is that? I would truly appreciate it if you had told me why you are so special, to me, and to everyone else. Enough with that though... I want to know more about you, and I want to know if the feelings are mutual.

Italy

...Please don't put me in the same league as America and China, like them, I can be playful, but unlike them, I don't toy with people's feelings, so, I'm kinda offended when you say it like that amore mio...

Amore mio: my love

Japan

Going stargazing is fun, don't you think? Especially when you're with someone you hold dear... Ne, no matter how bright the stars shone, the moon would always be the most special one. What about you, what do you think? 月が綺麗ですね*?*

月が綺麗ですね: The moon is beautiful, isn't it(I love you)

Nekomi(Japan)

こんにちは*! How are you today Y/N-chan? Ehhhh! You look tired, why not come and watch anime with me? It's way better than working for my brother anyways~ Hehe, come on! Stop being so serious all the time! If you agree to become my assistant, you'll be so much more relaxed!*

こんにちは: Hello

Philippines

You shall not eat Indo's Indomies or Malay's Milo, but rather MY Jollibee's, got it? The two other things are not good for your health mahal ko. Eh? What'cha say? Jollibee is also bad? ...I guess we'll go back to rice then...

Mahal ko: my love

Indonesia

Phil hasn't been annoying, has he? 'Cause if he is, I'll be willing to smack his head for you! What? You say we're friends? DUH, we are! Best of friends, actually. But you're my top priority so, ehhh, it doesn't matter kekasihku.

Kekasihku: my lover

Malaysia

Y/N... Have you noticed that Indo and Phil have been pretty intimate with you lately? Well um... you should spend more time with me sayang. Perhaps we could have a walk around the city or go see street markets or something. I mean, I'm still willing to share you... Sharing is caring, after all...

Sayangku: my dear

Vietnam

You are always with China, he's dangerous, mischievous even! Why are you so close to him... It hurts so much, seeing you being sweet with the others... Heh, I know I don't deserve you, at all... nhưng mà liệu em có mất gì không khi em cho tôi một chút hi vọng chứ...?

Nhưng mà liệu em có mất gì không khi em cho tôi một chút hi vọng chứ: But do you lose anything if you were to give me some hope

Singapore

...Was it really necessary to drag me out of my work... You know that I'm practically your boss right? How are you so comfortable around your boss like that? Hm, no, I don't really mind, you are way more relaxed to be with, I guess almost everyone's like that when you live with the Malphilido's for long. Still, you're such an idiot... but MY idiot, hah...

Laos

Ok listen up, you're cute, but you're also terrifying, you're sweet, yet you can scare America, and I'm also afraid of you... BUT! You're also the one that I love! And uhh... ກະລຸນາຢ່າປ່ອຍໃຫ້ຂ້ອຍ, ໂອເຄບໍ*?*

ກະລຸນາຢ່າປ່ອຍໃຫ້ຂ້ອຍ, ໂອເຄບໍ?: Please don't leave me, okay?

Brunei

A lot of people dated me for fame, power and money, and from that, I've sworn to myself to never date anyone again, since they all have nasty motives behind their pretty masks. Yet, I'm slowly falling for your lovely presence, and I'm very much sure that you held no motives, and I do wish to know why is that?

Thailand

Huh? Oh hey Y/N! I'm cooking some Tom Yum! Would you like to try some? Ah... is it too spicy for you? I'll get you some water then! Wait here though! You should also try the dish I just finished making-Som Tam! I had you in mind while making it, so it won't be too spicy!

Cambodia

...What is it? Why are you storming into my office like that? It's kinda rude you know? Huh? Why are you saying sorry? I don't mind it, your presence is pretty calming to me, well except for the times you've created chaos along with the other ASEAN members. Now tell me, what's the purpose of your visit?

Myanmar

What do you want with me now? Weren't you being all lovey-dovey with Vietnam a few moments ago? I also saw you doing just fine hugging and

letting the Maphillido gang pinch your cheeks earlier... No need to speak, I already know, who would want to spend time with me anyway- Huh? You would? I- I'm glad...

UN

Hmm... From the very moment I saw you, I knew you would be special to me somehow, what I did not expect, is that you were special to a lot more people, too... Let's get straight to the point now, shall we? I love you, and I want you to be with me, let's forget about everyone else, after all, they can't do anything to me.

EU

Eh~ Weren't you being all joyous just a few seconds ago? Ah, did I scare you? Hehe~ My apologies my love, I was just being a BIT jealous that you were so close to that neutral guy earlier, what a shame that I can't order him around, since he's not an EU member, he's been too close to you for my liking...

ASEAN

Hello there, Y/N! I'm going to have a meeting with UN and EU soon, so I can't stay for a talk. But could you please keep an eye on my member countries for me? I just don't want them getting in trouble with UN afterward. Oh you will? Thanks! How could I show you that I'm thankful... How about a coffee date after work hours? Is that good?

China

Eh? You like me? Fufufu~ That's nice~ But really, are you serious? Really? You really like me? For what? You like me... for me? I- Ehem, what should I do with you now?~ Hmm~ You're all flustered, so cute~ Fufu, don't hit me, I was just being playful. Well then, why don't we go to your favorite cafe right now? I'm sure skipping some work hours won't be a big deal~

Britain

My apologies my dear, may we talk, alone, for a moment? Hm~ Now that we're away from prying eyes... Tell me the truth Y/N, you're not from this world aren't you? Don't play innocent, I've found out about

those... weird notes on your table already. What is it that you're planning to do? Huh...? You're trying to get back? Hahaha, that's funny, I'm afraid that's not going to be the case here my dear~

1. Game or Reality?

You were sitting stiffly inside a building, typing several nonsenses on a blank word document. If your boss saw this, you would be doomed, but who could blame you? You've finished all your work, which includes the monthly report, organizing all of your boss' files, and instructing new employees on what you do in this company. Your boss should be praising you for completing all your work! But of course, he didn't, he just glared at you, and simply scoffed, treating you like some sort of servant. "I don't deserve this, in fact, no one did." You thought. But it was the only well-paid job around your house at that moment, so you didn't dare to complain.

While doing what you've been doing for an hour, you felt someone tapping on your shoulder, "Urgh...what is it now" you groaned, only to turn to your boss' furious face. You were startled a bit at this, but you tried your best to remain composed, after all, you wanted to look as confident as you could.

"Mx. Y/N, mind explaining why you aren't doing anything during working hours?"

"I finished it all." You answered with a cold, certain tone, wanting to end the conversation as soon as possible

"I see, well why didn't you go and offered to help your colleagues with their work then? I'm sure they'll love a helping hand." Your boss stated as if working for someone else without *anything* in return is normal.

"I don't want to, plus, you never mentioned doing somebody else's work when I'm done with mine when you interviewed me?"

"...Very well, I see that I have no other choice but to take away 50% of your salary this month, now get back to work before I decide that you won't earn anything at all!"

Everyone looked in your direction, just to turn right back at their

computers, this was normal, the boss always treated everyone like this, so no surprises. They just wished that his anger towards you won't affect his attitude towards them is all, the look on their faces said it all. At least there are only 30 minutes until 7 p.m, you'll be back at home soon, yay...

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After getting a cold shower, you threw yourself right on the bed, muttering "It was such a boring day, not to mention I got in another fight with the boss, he's gonna fire me if this continues..." Groaning at your very own thoughts, you suddenly remembered about a dating game you just bought not so long ago, but haven't had the chance to try out, "Now's a perfect time" you believed.

You immediately got up due to the thought, turned on your PC, and clicked a pink heart icon on your taskbar. You were greeted with a pitch-black screen.

Hello! Welcome to the moderately short dating game called ***Love or Work*** *! Do you wish to proceed?*

YES

Great! First off, what's your first name?

Y/N

Alright Y/N, and your last name?

L/N

Thanks for the info Y/N L/N! Now please wait for a short moment, the game will eventually load.

.

.

.

"Huh, this game has to load? Guess it's pretty detailed then" You chuckled. Suddenly, all you could see was black, and then you're abruptly lying on a soft bed, one that you knew you didn't have.

A phone in your pajama's pocket rang, signaling a message was sent to you, you grabbed the phone, and checked it, it was from a mysterious person, and so you started a conversation with them.

----UNKNOWN----

<Hello there.

Hi, could you please tell me why am I here?>

<Sorry, I'm not supposed to answer that.

Then at least could you tell me how can I get back?>

<It's pretty easy, actually. Just finish everything in the best way possible, and achieve the True Ending.

And how could I achieve that ending?>

<That, you'll have to figure it out by yourself. Goodbye.

Wait! At least give me a clue of how to do it!>

SYSTEM ERROR: CANNOT DELIVER MESSAGE

Wait what?>

SYSTEM ERROR: CANNOT DELIVER MESSAGE

SERIOUSLY NOW!>

SYSTEM ERROR: CANNOT DELIVER MESSAGE

Groaning, you threw the phone across the bed, looking up at the ceiling, wondering how worse could it get. Slowly, the exhaustion started to kick in, as you slowly fall into a deep slumber.

♡ ~—•✧•— ~ ♡

Information and Quests

~Locked~

2. The well-deserved treatment

After a long, satisfying sleep, you woke up and started to do the usual, you know, brushing your teeth, combing your hair, and preparing breakfast. "Wait... I'm stuck in a game, am I not? Does this place even have clothes and food?" You thought out loud, taking a first good look at the room that is supposedly yours. The room had a bed, a *huge* wooden closet, an average bookshelf along with an office desk. It was your first decision to walk towards the closet, checking whether it had any wearable clothes. Unexpectedly, there was quite a fortune of the latest fashion clothes, along with other comfortable clothes as well. You immediately grabbed a comfortable hoodie and some shorts and put them on.

Finally wearing something presentable, you opened the door and walked downstairs to your new home, letting your eyes drift around its new surroundings. After a good minute, you've concluded, "Okay, this place is pretty huge, wait, that means... oh no... I don't want to cleannnn" you whined. While sulking to yourself, you spotted a perfectly cooked steak on the living room's table. Curious, you stopped all your non-existent tears and approach the said steak.

"There's a note here..." You murmured. Picking up the note, you quickly scanned it "Eat this for today's breakfast, your lunch and dinner are in the fridge but from tomorrow onwards, prepare your meals yourself... Fine! When did I ask you-whoever you are, to cook my meals for today!?" You grumpily claimed while having your first bite "Hey, this tastes nice" you blurted out, happily eating the cooked steak.

After chugging down the lovely steak, you grabbed the dirty plate and skipped to where you believed was the kitchen and threw it into the sink. Out of nowhere, it became clean again, "...YOOOO I DON'T HAVE TO WASH THE DISHES!!!" You exclaimed out loud. This was probably the best day ever, waking up owning a lovely house, having ridiculously delicious steak for breakfast, and now you just figured that the dishes you had used cleaned themselves?

That's amazing!!

Sadly, you couldn't stay joyous for very long since only a minute after your gLoRiOuS discovery, your phone buzzed again, it was the mysterious guy from earlier. "Oh right, I forgot about that annoying person, what was his purpose again...?" You muttered while your hands unlocked the phone as you read their message. Sure, that question bugged your mind, but no time for stupid problems, you thought. "How was the meal? Tasty ain't it? Well here's my tip: Now that you're familiar with the place, better check your phone~" You read the question out loud as you grew more and more troubled by the message. "Huh. The meal was indeed good, but what's with the sudden change of tone, plus, what does he mean 'bout the phone part..." murmuring to yourself while checking through every app that was installed onto the phone, your eyes landed on an app icon, which is the same as the game icon, eyes widened, you decided to check it out.

Turns out the weird app was indeed... weird. All it has is a black screen and some texts that go: *To unlock the Love Interest's Profiles, you'll need to meet them first.* "Mehh, guess this is a dating sim then" you decided not to worry about the app, for now, instead, you went to the kitchen to check out the fridge and its contents. Oh how the beautiful fridge had disappointed you, such a massive and shiny fridge, yet it had nothing except for the pre-cooked meals from the stranger. Faking your sobs, you took out a small metal container that had a note writing lunch on it and opened its lid, revealing some tacos, you then proceed to microwave it before your phone buzzed, again.

This time it isn't from that person anymore "Thank God" you thought, it's from another user with the name of...*UN*? Odd name, you thought, suddenly, a certain situation crossed your mind "Oh no... had the protagonist done something terrible at the start of the game... Ugh, why didn't I read the lore before I bought this game..." Gulping worriedly, you opened the text you received.

----UN----

<Good evening Mx . L/n, I am writing this to inform you that you have successfully passed the interview a few days earlier, and I would

certainly be delighted to see you at your new workplace by tomorrow. For further details, please check your mail.

Thank you for informing me, Sir/Madam>

<It is my pleasure.

----*----

Even when you didn't know what was going on, you thanked them anyways, it's simply being polite, what you did know, is that you definitely need to check your mail right away to get a better understanding of what's happening.

The email-reading session lasted a good long 10 minutes, and it was boring for sure, yet now you had finally managed to know what was happening. Apparently, the gameplay is going to start tomorrow, and you're currently in its prequel. But one thing was concerning you, from what you've read in the mail, you'll be the one to take notes for every meeting that you are present, or note-writer, as the email itself had stated, and that job, seems pretty hard, not counting the fact that you'll be serving the country leaders. Eh, you'll worry about that later, since from what you've read, this month's salary had been transferred to your bank account not so long ago, and you've already found your credit card, too. Quickly grabbing the plate of tacos from earlier, you shoved it all into your mouth, and check how much money there are in your account. With just one single glimpse, you instantly let out a gasp of happiness, you were overwhelmingly rich, with or without your first month's salary, you're going to have abundant life for sure. Another thing, you're definitely going to go on a *HUGE* shopping spree now that nothing's there to stop you, and you can't wait.

Oh, this is the treatment you've always wanted, the one that you truly deserve, there's no doubt about it now, *THIS*, is heaven.

♡ ~ ⎯•✧•⎯ ~ ♡

Information and Quests

~Locked~

3. Meeting the English siblings!

[image]

Art credits: taminton on Instagram

♡ ~ —•✧•— ~ ♡

Ahh... it was such a peaceful morning, the wind was blowing gently, the birds were chirping beautifully, and yet, for a certain someone, it was not a great morning at all-

"AHHHHH I'M LATE I'M LATE I'M LATE!!!!"You screamed, acknowledging that you were late, *on your first day of work*. Not a good first impression, eh? "I wonder what my boss would say..." You murmured while grabbing your car keys and driving straight to work as fast as you could.

After a minute or two, you arrived, thank god the place was near to your home, otherwise, you'd be screwed. Hurriedly walking into the enormous skyscraper, you pulled out your ID card, ready to scan as you walked through the main door and approached the receptionist's table, "Hey, may I know where's my office?" The woman looked up from her computer before sending you a warm smile, she asked.

"Why are you in such a hurry? Relax, official work hours begin in 30 minutes!" Your mouth widened in disbelief, not trusting any words the woman had said at all, you pulled out your phone to check the email again, before realizing it said work begins at 9, and it was just 8:30 by the time you were talking to the woman.

"Ugh...old habits die hard I guess..." muttering, you apologized to the woman for ruining such a lovely morning, she just chuckled.

"Well, call me Amelia, and don't worry! New people tend to forget when the work hours start, so it's quite alright! Say, are you Y/N L/N? Since I don't recall anyone else getting accepted into here..." You just nodded at Amelia's statement, still embarrassed about what

happened earlier. "Oh alright, here" she quickly grabbed a small piece of paper and handed it to you "It's this building's map, so you won't get lost, oh and since you're early, why don't you explore your new workplace first? Sure, there are some rooms that you can't access, but that should be fine, plus, you might meet some of the countries as well, and it's great to get to know your boss!" Nodding, you excuse yourself to do what Amelia had suggested.

In your work description, it said that you will need to take many trips to the printing room, so you thought it'll be best if you try and figure out how to get to the said room, what you didn't expect, is that right when you opened the wooden door, you were immediately greeted with a fight.

"STOP BRINGING YOUR SPIDERS TO COMMON AREAS!!!" A woman with long blue hair that was tied into a tall ponytail, she was wearing a plain black dress, along with a white scarf on her neck, seems pretty normal, right? Well, listen, she has a New Zealand flag for her face. "Gosh, am I hallucinating..." you muttered while placing your hand on your forehead, trying to see whether you're sick or not.

"HE DOESN'T BITE! WHY ARE YOU SO SCARED!!!" A guy with messy blue hair who was wearing a white shirt with some jeans and a jacket, who also happened to have a spider on his palm and have an Australian flag on his face, shouted back to the woman.

"Guys... please calm down, it's still 8 AM in the morning..." Another voice spoke up, you turned in the direction of the voice to see a guy with fluffy red hair, he was also wearing a white sweater, some pants, and a long coat, his clothes were simple but pretty "Aghh I want him to teach me how to dress so elegantly..." you muttered quietly, his face was also painted with the Canadian flag.

"Actually..." a quiet voice spoke up, it was from the corner of the room "It's 8:30 AM for your information 'Nada..." It was from a guy wearing some jeans and a black shirt along with a white jacket, another thing worth mentioning is his hair was *extremely fine*. He also wore sunglasses so it was hard to guess the flag, but you'd say that it's the American flag.

"WELL YOU SEE ZEA, MY PET CHARLES IS VERY FRIENDLY, DON'T YOU DARE KILL H-" The guy with the Australian flag suddenly stopped talking, it seems that he had spotted you, when you both locked eyes, he immediately brought his free hand up to wave at you " Oh hey there, I didn't see you there earlier! Sorry for being loud mate..." Right after that, all eyes were on you, you weren't gonna lie, it feels kind of intimidating...

"Oh? Hello there, I'm assuming you're the one UN hired?" The blue-haired female spoke up, this time with a gentle and sweet voice, unlike from earlier. "Um yes actually." You answered before lightly bowing at them.

"Oh there's no need for the formalities, I'm Canada, nice to meet you!" The red-haired guy introduced himself warmly while also pushing the two that were fighting earlier away from each other.

"Oh, we're on to the introductions already? Well I'm New Zealand, but feel free to call me Zealand for short, if you wish, of course." New Zealand spoke up, this time she approached you and extended her hand, then you both shook hands.

"Call me Australia! And this lil buddy right here is Charles! Nice to meet ya mate!" Australia introduced himself and his little spider, you were kind of scared of Charles, after all, he **is** a spider.

Suddenly, it had all clicked in your mind, back when you weren't transported into this game, you have heard of a certain fandom, and not just heard, but you've been in that fandom for quite some time too! Before you don't have time for such things anymore of course. But now you knew, they are for sure, *the Countryhumans*. And oh boy... you've always thought that their art is pretty, and here, you could confirm, they ***are*** pretty.

You couldn't be lost in your own thoughts for long, since America had already made his way toward you. And unexpectedly, he pinned you onto the wall. You were confused, and you were literally screaming mentally. 'What is he doing, we just met what is this!!! Mom come pick me up please I'm scared-' Your mind went wild imagining the worst scenarios possible while your cheeks were now painted in crimson hues.

"Oh, you're blushing you know that~" He whispered into your ears seductively, this only made you become even redder, if that was even possible. "Heh, you're such a beauty~" He continued, but then walked back right afterward, smiling innocently as if nothing happened. "I'm America! I and these three idiots here are siblings! The English siblings, to be exact! Cool name, right? I was the one who made it!" The other three just stood there, annoyed with their sibling's tactics. "You really had to seduce our new note-writer like that?" New Zealand sighed "I thought you changed but guess not." Canada just looked disappointed while Australia muttered, just enough for everyone inside the room to hear "And the name English siblings sounds disastrous..."

You stood there, listening to their sibling's fight, smiling awkwardly to yourself "Haha... how am I going to deal with this amount of chaos..."

♡ ~ ——•✧•—— ~ ♡

Information and Quests

Love Interests unlocked: 4(+4)

Quest points: 0

Next quest milestone: 10 points

Routes unlocked: 0

4. EU doesn't approve you?!

[image]

Art credits: taminton on Instagram

♡ ~ —•✧•— ~ ♡

Listening to the 4 siblings bittering was quite an experience for sure, but after standing there looking like an idiot for a good minute, your common sense was knocked back to you somehow, and so you excused yourself, not like they'll hear you anyway, and left the scene to try and look for your office.

While walking back and forth trying to read the map Amelia had given you earlier, you bumped into someone, a *tall* someone to be exact. You both fell to the floor, the other person was carrying a stack of documents before bumping into you. Not wanting to have a bad impression on your first day, you stood up immediately after the fall, the other person-whom you believe was a guy, was already up, brushing dust off his suit. You lightly bowed at the guy, muttering an apology to the guy.

"Tch... I'm late for the meeting... You," he glared at you "you're picking up my documents and bringing them to my office, got it? It's in the European department, third floor, first room on your right when you walk into the hallway." And with that, he walked away, you just stood there, trying to process his words. When you finally got it, you mumbled bitterly

"I know this is the least I could do, but couldn't he be anymore nicer..."

It took you rather some time to grab all of the documents and stack them, right now, you were carrying the papers to the room he had instructed, while trying to recall who the guy was. He had blue skin and hair, so he should be a country. He's also from the European department, at least that's the most reasonable answer to why he wanted you to bring his documents there. But you can't seem to

remember his flag, it was pretty vague, you do recall it having a golden color though. He also had a halo? You think? Eh... it's not worth it, you were gonna meet him sooner or later anyway, after all, your job requires you to work alongside the countries.

Finally entering the said department, you were greeted with an empty hallway, confused, you grabbed your phone and check, it's still 5 minutes till workhours. Sighing, you continued to walk towards the elevator, pressing the up button. When the elevator opened its doors, you stepped in and pressed the third-floor button, there was also some text below the button, it read 'European Union.' "So the country is an EU member? Interesting, I guess..." You mumbled, not aware that someone was listening to your mumblings. Then, someone tapped your shoulder, and while turning around, you saw they were a country, Poland, to be exact.

"Hi, I'm Poland, nice to meet you! I saw you going up to an EU floor? Are you new here? Whose secretary are you?" You just send Poland a smile, he seemed nice, and then you answered him.

"Aha... I actually work as a note-writer, and nice to meet you too, Sir Poland." Poland just smiled at you, suddenly, you noticed a lady standing next to the said country, she seemed mad at you. For whatever reasons, you couldn't care less, she can hate you all she wishes, you're only here to work, no more, no less.

Right after the elevator door opened again, you stepped out as fast as you could, muttering a quick goodbye to Poland, and walked towards the first room on the right. It was a wooden door painted in white and lines of gold, 'The door looks pretty.' You thought, before twisting the doorknob and letting yourself in, it was a spacious and well-decorated room, but you had no time to look around, you quickly placed the papers onto the desk and made your way out of the department.

While walking to your office, you received a text from the UN, again, they told you that there isn't much work for you at the moment, so you could do whatever you want, for now. But you're required to be in meeting room No. 3 after lunch. "Okay then, what do I wanna do for now..." Thinking out loud, you accidentally walked to the front of the building-the receptionist's table. "Eh, now

that I'm here, why not help Amelia." Murmuring, you walked toward the table, asking whether Amelia needed help with something. She was startled a bit when you spoke, but soon regained her composure and answered you "Now that you said it, yeah, I do need help with something! Could you please bring these files to the ASEAN countries for me? They should be on the second floor of the Asian department!" While talking, she gestured towards a small pile of files, you nodded and grabbed the files before heading straight to the Asian department.

Opening the huge door that leads to the main room of the Asian department, you were startled by a flip-flop flying straight towards you, almost hitting your face.

"Oh my god I'm sorry!!!" A medium-height figure ran straight to you, apologizing to you every single second. The guy seemed to be Vietnam, at least you think that it was the Vietnamese flag on his face. "I was trying to hit that red-head over there, not you!" He said pointing to a guy with long hair tied into a high ponytail, it seems that he's China, from his flag.

"Vietnam! Don't worry! I'll beat that Chinese guy up for you! Rice gang bros stand together!!!" Indonesia exclaimed rather loudly and jumped onto China, Malaysia was just laughing at the situation while Brunei tried his best to calm them down, other ASEAN countries are nowhere to be seen. You were also chuckling quietly yourself, you liked the energy that radiates inside the Asian department, it was chaotic and welcoming, but if it's too much, yeah you're out. Soon, someone noticed the files in your hands

"Hey, is this for us?" A guy asked you, his flag seemed pretty familiar, yet you can't remember which country has it.

"Yeah," you nodded, "for the ASEAN countries only, though." His face turned into a smile, his hands were quick to grab the files and shouted out to the others.

"Oi! You dumbasses, stop fighting, ASEAN already had his files delivered to us!" Indonesia was the first one to stop

"Wha- It already arrived? Phil! You could've said that later! I almost

managed to throw China onto the floor!" Oh so he was the Philippines, how did you forget that.

Time flies so fast, it felt as if several minutes just passed since you talked to the countries in the Asian department, yet, lunchtime had already ended, and now, you were on your way to meet UN. Slowly approaching the meeting room, you pushed the door lightly, letting yourself in. In front of you, you can see the UN, ASEAN, and EU-

"Wait! Wasn't he the one I bumped into earlier?!" You mumbled in surprise, and it seemed that the said organization was also as surprised as you, if not way more. EU's expression changed from surprised to stern and a bit furious, he then turned to UN and remarked.

"UN, I don't approve of this person."

♡ ~ ⎯•✧•⎯ ~ ♡

Information and Quests

Love Interests unlocked: 8(+4)

Quest points: 0

Next quest milestone: 10 points

Routes unlocked: 0

♡ 300 reads special ♡

A/n: Oh gosh we've reached 300 reads already?! That's so cool!!! Yesterday it was just 200 and now it's 300?! I love you guys so much! Thanks for reading my story! For those who actually enjoyed my story, have this as thanks from me!

P.s: Oh and I wanna ask, would you guys like to have our boy China as a love interest as well? 'Cause I suddenly love him so much so what do you guys think?

♡ ~ ―•✧•― ~ ♡

My headcanons for China!

Regular China HCs

- A literal humanoid dragon, he has horns and a tail and could breathe fire, though he usually sticks with breathing out smoke only.

- Loves speaking Chinese to those that can't understand the language just to annoy them.

- Wears his traditional clothes to work every time, along with his long hair, sometimes people would mistake him for a female, and he'll just go like "Oh? Fufufu~ Am I that pretty that you thought I was a female?~"

- The fact that he's a dragon grants him a few spiritual abilities, he could only use them to hide his dragon features only tho-

- Carries a hand fan on him all the time, but he mostly uses it for hitting other people's heads other than its real purpose-

- Calm, very calm, could act as if everything's normal even when the world's ending, but will be a maniac if he wishes to watch others' reactions.

- Most countries mistook him for a playboy, but in reality, he never date those he doesn't have any feelings for, still says and does things that give them false hope tho- At least his rejections won't be as harsh as Ame's.

- Teasing is his lifestyle, and he can't live a day without teasing at least 1 person, 100% confirmed.

- His favorite teasing targets are North Korea and Vietnam, and would embarrass them every chance he gets.

- Pretty unpredictable, he could be extremely focused in a meeting and then 3 seconds later was caught reading some novels.

- Sees Ame and his allies as enemies, neutral countries as not-so-important countries, and has a love-hate relationship with everyone else.

- Holds a certain amount of respect for UN, and also ASEAN for being able to cope with his chaotic country members, can't say the same for EU tho.

- The only person he ever looked up to was probably USSR.

Romantic China HCs

- Okay, listen, dude is a literal master chef in his traditional dishes, so if you like Chinese dishes, you're in luck, since he'll cook 'em for you every single meal, but if you're not? Well, he'll either make you do all the cooking or just order something for the both of you.

- Believes that cuddling is overrated, but would still cuddle you if you ask nicely enough, he'll probably tease you for wanting to cuddle with him first, like I said, the guy can't live without teasing.

- A lot of people had their eyes on him, so be prepared to earn a few glares here and there when you two are in public, he'll glare them right back for you tho-

- Can but won't make the first move, he's not shy, he just wants to tease you once you make a move.

- Sleeping with him is truly boring honestly, as I've stated, he thinks cuddles are overrated, so won't cuddle you if you didn't ask him before. The most intimate he'll ever get when sleeping with you is, well... facing you, he's a man of personal space after all.

A/n: Well that's all! Thank you guys for reading this chapter;w; Chapter 5 will be uploaded soon!

5. I never signed up for this-

[image]

Art credits: taminton on Instagram

♡ ~ -----•✧•----- ~ ♡

"H-Hah?" You stuttered, not expecting what EU had said, are you going to get fired on your first day? Oh no... But UN and ASEAN aren't the types to do whatever their colleagues say right???? You were panicking, wondering what is going to happen.

"Aha... They're the best one I've seen so far, EU. Let's leave our grudges aside and think logically, shall we?" UN spoke, his hand gently placed onto EU's shoulder, calming him down.

"Yeah, whatever, they better do their job well." EU scoffed, still annoyed from earlier, for a leader, he does seem to hold grudges. After the incident, the organizations asked you several scenario questions to test your ability to handle problems, 'Which is something pretty normal here...'quoted ASEAN. and they told you about the time of every event during work hours. It didn't take long, soon, you were free to go and do your first task of the day, which was printing out a handful of documents for several Asian countries.

On your way to the printing room, you took your phone from your pocket and checked the app from yesterday, "Hm~ I wonder if anyone I've met is a love interest." Turns out, that pretty much everyone you've met was a love interest. America, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Poland, EU, UN, ASEAN, and some of his member countries. "Ok, that's a lot..." How are you supposed to know who you need to end up with to return? Or was the trick to not fall in love with anyone? Yeah, that should be it. You've now got a goal for yourself, which was to not make anyone fall in love with you. "Oh, that's going to be easy." Smirking, you put your phone away and continue walking.

Arriving at the printing room, no one was in there for the

meantime, which is excellent, you would hate it if the English siblings were still here arguing, which was pretty unlikely, but who knows? You then proceed to print the documents while humming a soft tune you've heard somewhere. Out of the blue, a voice spoke up

"オヤ(Oya)?～ Isn't that Harehareya? Hey! Do you listen to Japanese music?"A female Japan with white hair jumped at you, asking questions, you only shook your head and answered.

"No, sorry, it's only a tune I've heard somewhere..." She went from looking excited to disappointed.

"Eh, it's okay... By the way, I'm Nekomi Japan! Call me Nekomi for short though! What's your name?!" You stayed quiet for a moment, deciding how friendly should you be, and ended up being formal.

"My name is Y/N L/N, Lady Nekomi." The female looked offended, pouted, and exclaimed rather loudly.

"You're not going to call me that! No! Just call me Nekomi! I hate formalities!" She huffed while saying that, you just frowned, and answer her.

"I can't... You're technically my boss, it's disrespectful if I address you simply by your n-" Before you could even finish speaking, Nekomi had interrupted.

"Wait, I'm your boss right, well, it's an order! You *must* call me Nekomi! And you *must not* add any type of formalities while addressing me! Got it?" You nodded.

"As you wish, L- I mean, Nekomi." Hearing you say her name without anything at the front made her smile triumphantly before heading out of the room.

"I gotta go to my brother now, さよなら (Bye)～" You just nodded as you watch the female country skipping out of the room.

"That was tiring, how many countries had that kind of laid-back attitude anyways?" You muttered.

Finally finished printing all those documents, you hurriedly went out of the room before heading back to the Asian department again, you needed to give those papers to China, South Korea, and the ASEAN countries. Luckily, you met South Korea on your way to the department.

"Sir South Korea!" SK turned his head towards you, seems like you were successful in trying to get his attention.

"Huh? What is it?" You handed him his documents.

"It's just your documents Sir." He gladly took the papers while flashing you a smile.

"Thanks! I was waiting for these!" South Korea: done, now just China and the ASEAN countries left to go!

While on your way to finding the said countries, you happened to pass by a particular meeting room that was incredibly loud. Curious, you gently pushed the door to peek in, not like the door was closed anyways. Inside was a fight, much like the English siblings' one. But what's strange was what they were fighting about.

"Brother! You need to get a lover!"

"I don't need a lover Bela, I'm perfectly fine by myself!"

"No! You've been slacking off for a while now, and we can't even get near you since you claim that we should do our work too. How on Earth are we going to check up on you?!"

"Well! Not like anyone would want to go out with me!"

"You never try to ask anyone out!"

"...Ugh, let's drop this topic."

Deciding that you wanted nothing to do with that topic, you turned to walk away, but how unfortunate for you, you had hit the door, just loud enough for them to hear. "Huh? Who's there?" Just a single question, and yet you're tensed up, being caught eavesdropping was something that would make you look terrible... right?

The female that was arguing from earlier grabbed your wrist the very moment she saw you, pulling you into the room with her while exclaiming happily "Russia! I just found you a date!"

"...What?" You and the country Russia said in unison, both confused with the female country's tactics.

"Um... Bela, I have to agree with them there, how could you force two *strangers* to go on a date with each other?" A *very* good-looking man with a Belarussian flag on his face spoke up, clearly surprised by the arrangement.

"Come on! It'll work!" The female exclaimed enthusiastically again, then stuck her hand to you for you both to shake hands "So... I'm Belarus! But call me Bela, since my twin with the ugly scarf over there is also Belarus." Belarus said with venom in her tone. Her male twin just scoffed,

"Then I'm Bel, don't mistake me for my annoying sister." Another guy with a flower crown on his head waved his hand at you, then pointed at himself.

"Just call me Ukraine, and that sleepy head over there" He gestured towards a country with golden wings, "That's Kazakhstan, our youngest sibling, and the one you got to go on a date with is Russia, the oldest, so... when are you two gonna make me an uncle?" Ukraine said that with a huge smirk on his face, you were caught off guard, so it made you blush out of embarrassment. Russia was as pink as you were, but he defended you both.

"What?! We weren't going to go on a date in the first place! What made you think that we actually wanted to be in a relationship!?" And there it goes, the siblings broke into a fight again. Did you seriously encounter 2 stupid fights between siblings today? UN never mentioned that your bosses were gonna be *this* chaotic.

"Ugh... I never signed up for this..."

Unknowingly to you all, there was a certain someone outside the door, listening to the whole conversation you've had and recording it all at the same time.

"Oh ho ho~ Russia is going on a date with someone? This is perfect blackmail material~"

♡ ~ ⎯•✧•⎯ ~ ♡

Information and Quests

Love Interests unlocked: 15(+7)

Quest point: 0

Next quest milestone: 10 points

Routes unlocked: 0

6. Night shifts and their perks

Soon after some weeks, you got the hang of working with these chaotic countries, most were friendly and welcoming, so you didn't mind. Yet, there are still a few countries you haven't got the chance to befriend, there were also some you haven't even met yet, but you will eventually, at least that's what UN claimed. There was also another problem with your and EU's relationship, unfortunately, despite your attempts of trying to be on good terms with EU, he still seemed to hate your guts, he sure holds grudges for long...

After another exhausting day at work, you finally got home and threw yourself on the comfy bed, thinking about your old world. "I miss my family... and my old neighborhood, everyone was so friendly to me... I don't miss my old job as much tho- It feels great to be far, far away from my old boss, he sucks." While thinking about what you were missing back home and what you were not, your phone rang. Groaning, you picked up your phone and stared at the number "A stranger? Huh, weird." With a bit of hesitation, you answered the call.

"Hello! Belarus here! You're Y/N right?!" A female voice shouted enthusiastically, you sighed subtly before answering her.

"Yes I am, is there anything I could do for you, Lady Belarus?" To your surprise, the female was giggling, *a lot*. She then answered your question in a teasing tone.

"Oh?~ Did you forget about your date with my brother? That's not very nice you know, he's *dying* to get to know you~"

You mentally slapped yourself, had you not made it obvious enough that you're not up for a date with one of the countryhumans, but ehhh... you're going anyways, for the sake of good impressions.

"Uhhh, but you haven't told me any details yet-" Before you could even question Belarus, a male voice was quick to interrupt, you believe it was the female's twin, from what you remember of the

siblings' voices.

"WHAT?! YOU WOULD FOLLOW ALONG WITH THIS STUPID SCHEME OF HERS- Ahem, sorry for shouting, but seriously, if you had refused, I would be able to persuade her out of it you know?" You mentally slapped yourself again, thinking 'I believe I sounded as if I wanted to have a date with their older brother, ugh...'

Noticing your sudden silence, the wingman- I mean the wingwoman, asked you again, still with that oh-so-famous teasing demeanor of hers.

"You're so quiet, Y/N~ Hm... perhaps, you would rather go on a date with my *twin* here?~ If so, I don't really mind, he also needs a girlfriend himself ~"

Oh well, guess what, you're too tired for this, you muttered a quick 'bye' and proceed to hang up on Belarus, not before texting an excuse to her, of course. Lying on the soft bed, you checked your texts to recall what UN had texted you earlier in the day...

----UN----

< L/N, I'm sure you've known this already, but just to make sure, tonight is your first night shift for the month.

Wait it's tonight?! >

I mean, thank you, Sir UN, for informing me. >

< You're welcome, L/N. Looking forward to seeing you at work tonight.

----*----

Ahh yes, that's right, you were going to have your first night shift today.

...

...

...

Why did they need to have night shifts anyway??? Eh, whatever, you're finding out soon after all. 'Now is not the time to think of such minor matters' you yawned while collecting your thoughts, before allowing yourself to fall asleep for a bit.

.

.

At 10:30 sharp, you woke up because of the annoying alarm you've set and prepared for the upcoming night shift, and cursing UN for making you work night shifts while on your way to work too, obviously.

On your way to the skyscraper, you almost crashed your car several times, guess you're really sleepy. But, after a terrible trip, you've arrived, finally.

"Hm~ What do we have here?~" A warm, soft voice whispered to your right ear the very moment you stepped out of your car, which made you blush a little. Taking a quick step forward, you turned to face the culprit, and surprise surprise, he was another countryhuman, but there's something about him that seems... off.

"Hahaha, you look so funny you know! But anyway... sorry if that startled you, I'm not used to seeing anyone new during night shifts, really! I'm Romania, if you haven't known that yet." You gave him a nod, before turning pale at his final remark, 'Romania was always portrayed as a vampire in fanfics, that, and the fact he doesn't work the morning or evening shifts and he's well aware of who works night shifts, could he be...' You tried your best to remain calm, but it's pretty hard not to panic right then and there, he could just suck your blood and no one would notice, no one would dare to question him, either. But as he eyed you curiously, you gathered your courage and questioned him "B-By any chance... are you a vampire...?"

The male was taken aback by the sudden question, but his expression was soon replaced with a smirk, as he took more and more steps towards you, he whispered "So you know, hm? What a smart human you are~ It'd be such a shame if you were to be

harmed... Sadly, I'm starved to death right now, so would you mind sharing your blood?~" Okay this was never supposed to happen, you were sweating, was this finally the end for you? Frightened, you closed your eyes as you waited for something dreadful to happen.

"Pfft- You should've seen your face! Oh gosh, that was hilarious!" Opening your eyes, you saw the European country grinning uncontrollably, revealing his sharp fangs. You'd be lying if you said you weren't intimidated by them. But, if you put the fact that he's a vampire aside, he still scared you twice, and you weren't happy. Frowning, you watched as he calm down and returned his attention to you again. "H-Hey! What's with that frown? You're still mad? ...Sorry. A-And to clear things up, I may be a vampire, but I won't drink anyone's blood! At least, not for now..."

Sighing, you reassured the vampire that looked extremely guilty that his apology was accepted before asking more about night shifts. And because he felt guilty for trolling you, he gladly answered.

"Hm... Night shifts are pretty much the same as morning and evening shifts, there are just fewer countries and almost no humans! It's mostly for countries that can't work in the morning, though. And also! We don't stay in this building all the time you know! We still have to get back to our countries, so it's for easier communication with other countries as well, I think? Since time zones exist and all..." Romania's voice faded away as soon as you two entered the building. He quickly bid his goodbyes to you as he went and look for UN. You were left alone with your thoughts, again.

"Well, I guess night shifts here are quite alright... Fewer people means less chaos, and less chaos means fewer noises... Not to mention the fact I got a morning shift off for tomorrow. Yeah... it's not too bad. Plus, Romania seems likable, and it's not like I can meet him during the day... Hm, I guess night shifts *do* have their perks..."

♡ ~ ————————•✧•———————— ~ ♡

A/n: OMG I'm sooo sorry for the late update!!! I was so

unmotivated that I couldn't bring myself to write anything. I'll try my best to make it up to you guys!! Please tell me what I could do to make up for the late chapter, I'll try my best to do it!

♡ ~ ‒•✧•‒ ~ ♡

Information and Quests

Love Interests unlocked: 14

Quest point: 0

Next quest milestone: 10 points

Routes unlocked: 0

♡Special chapter: A date(?) with Russia♡

A/n: Consider this as a 1k reads special and an apology for updating late, normally I would write hcs but... I believe I owe you guys so much for making you wait for like... 1 week? And plus, you're all so wonderful, we've reached 1k reads already!!! And I'm so so thankful for you guys for that!!

Info: This was the date that Bela graciously set up for you (she somehow got Russia to come-) Uhh, just note that there aren't many romantic aspects in this, but ehh, it could work I guess-

Note: This event is canon, it just doesn't affect the storyline(as much-).

♡ ~ —•✧•— ~ ♡

"Why did I agree to this again...?" You let out a sign as you conveyed your thoughts out loud. You were currently on your way to a nearby coffee shop to meet Russia, *the* Russia. It was simply something Belarus, the bubbly one, had settled for the both of you. You still couldn't figure out why did your past self agreed to the date, perhaps it's to strengthen your relationship with the female country? Maybe... but it's not going to help your relationship with your supposed *date*, at all.

When you arrived at the place, Russia immediately spotted you and waved you over, he was wearing a white sweater, long pants with a fluffy jacket, and the famous Ushanka of his, the one that every single fanfic of him mentioned. You'll be lying if you said he wasn't all that attractive. "Ugh... why are these humanoid countries so attractive?" Muttering quietly under your breath, you approached the said country before sitting down in front of him, unsure of what to say or do.

You watched as the Russian let out a soft sigh before he turned to

face you, making eye contact.

"So... let's make this clear for the both of us. We're here because of Bela, and I have no intention of dating you whatsoever, and I'm sure it's the same for you. But, this could still be treated as a simple... hangout, deal?" Even when his tone was gentle and apologetic, his rough Russian accent sounded more threatening than asking. Yet, what he said was true, and you merely nod at his statement. Somehow, you felt a hint of disappointment in you, but you just shrugged it away, sure you had a crush on him because of those arts and fanfics of him back in your world, but he's a real person here, and you still got a long way to go if you wish to romance him, not like you were going to do so, obviously.

While waiting for the waiter, you decided that it was best to say something, and his siblings seemed like the best topic, so you went with it.

"Hey, if I were to be honest, I'm quite jealous of you, you know?" Russia's attention was on you again as his eyes sparkled with curiosity, seeing that he was interested, you decided to continue "Well, your sister, she seems to care about you a lot. And your brothers, they also care about you so much that they attempted to stop her schemes, don't you think so?" Russia was surprised at your claim, but his lips soon curved into a subtle, soft smile.

"Yeah, that's true, they do care about me a lot, and I'm grateful for it. But, why are you jealous about it?" Before you could answer the question, a waiter had already come to your table, so you both had to stop the conversation and order. To your surprise, Russia ordered a strawberry shortcake, 'That's not something the fanfics usually says...' You thought. When the male noticed the surprised and puzzled look on your face, he just chuckled and told you that he picked up the habit of eating sweet desserts from his siblings.

"That kinda explains it" You murmured before shoving it aside.

The date ended up with both of you sharing stories about your siblings while enjoying the desserts and drinks. It was nice that you were on good terms with some of his siblings, because it's probably the main reason why he actually talked to you in the first place.

You and he didn't do anything that implies romance that day, but you too actually got closer after that. Russia seemed to enjoy talking to you, to say the least.

But if there's anything you knew, was that you and Russia could certainly be considered as friends after that *date*.

~~~ At a nearby table ~~~

"Ughhhh, why aren't they kissing yet?!?!" A female country complained as she observed her targets from a nearby table.

"Bela, it's normal, they're not dating..." A winged country sighed as he tried to pull his sister's head back to the cafe's menu.

"Can't really blame her, Kaz. That old guy had been single for so long now, and I want to be an uncle, like, right now." Another country wearing a flower crown grumbled at the pair that's sitting in front of him, clearly annoyed by the slow progress.

"You can stop grumbling, 'Raine. Did you expect that they'll immediately be interested in one another?" A male country wearing a unique scarf smacked the Ukrainian country's head, absolutely displeased at his words, he then turned his head towards his sister, scolding her, "And Bela, we shouldn't spy on them, no matter what, we're expected to be role models for our citizens, you know?"

The female frowned, but her eyes soon sparkled up as her lips formed a visible smirk, the three other countries flinched, knowing their sibling, she was having another stupid plan. Soon, Belarus spoke in a giddy tone, "Hey, I know, if she isn't compatible with Ruski, perhaps Kaz has a better chance! Or Bel! Or even 'Raine! Oh, I'm definitely setting her up with at least one of you! Hehehe~"

"Here we go again..." The Kazakh country said as he sighed in defeat.

7. Formalities? What's that?

Much to your dismay, you're not going to have another night shift soon.

"Guess UN woke up and decided that he wants me to lose my mind with everything that's been going on in the building." You thought as you shoved another slice of toast into your mouth while muttering light insults to the head of the countries and thinking about what kind of chaos you would encounter today. "Probably more siblings banter, fights, and a bunch of glares from EU." You muttered, and yeah, the European Union himself hasn't forgiven you yet, and he still shot glares at you every now and then, which, annoyed you very much.

The exact moment you stepped out of your car, a certain Asian country immediately grabbed your arm and pulled you in a random direction, which, surprised you. "Where're ya taking me Laos?" Upon hearing his name slipping out of your mouth, Laos stood still for a moment, before turning to face you as his hands gripped your shoulders.

"You-You called me by my name! Without any formalities! That's some character development right there!!" You just stood there, brushing his hands off of you, mentally facepalming.

"You and your friends, *literally*, threaten me with those flip-flops and bamboos and even brooms of yours! Just to call you guys by your name with no formalities! And now you're surprised? I should've known." Laos looked confused, so you decided that you'll do him a favor and remind him of what had happened.

~ Flashback ~

"Y/N, I'm going to be nice *ONE.LAST.TIME*. Call us by our names, and no sirs allowed." Malaysia stated, again, this time with a murderous smile on his face. But no matter how dangerous he

might look, you're not falling for such plots, you're *never* calling your boss without formalities, it's just unprofessional.

"Ah... Malay... You need to understand their situation, UN hired them to work for us, it's unprofessional if they had thrown away the formalities-" Brunei tried his best to defuse the situation like usual, but this time, he was interrupted.

"YOU don't have a say in this, 'Nei. They're calling us by our names *only*, whether they like it or not." Philippines snapped at Brunei, also dissatisfied with the fact that you refused to call them by their names.

"...This is getting annoying, they can call us whatever they wish, now shut up and let me do my work." Even Singapore joined in this time, and that only happens if things are getting out of hand.

"Oh no no no, I don't think so," Indonesia spoke as his hands suddenly grabbed out a bamboo, OUT OF NOWHERE! "What do you say, Y/N?" He turned to you with a face decorated with a smile that's as murderous as Malaysia's.

"Oh OH! I also have some flip-flops with me somewhere. They'll do great damage." Laos smiled innocently as he shuffled his backpack for his supplies of flip-flops. By now, you were probably sweating so badly.

"...Yeah no, I ain't dealing with this." Cambodia, who just got out of his office, stared at the scene in front of him for a few seconds before walking away, too tired of everything.

"...For once I agree, let's go grab coffee together Cam." Myanmar who was there from the beginning, quickly made his way toward his friend, eager to leave the chaotic mess as soon as he could.

After Myanmar had slammed the door shut, there was nothing but murderous auras inside the room. The ASEAN countries looked at you, smiling dangerously, minus Brunei and Singapore of course, they were sighing in defeat while rethinking their life choices in a corner.

But right at the moment you thought it couldn't get any worse, the door was wide opened again, this time revealing a beaming Thailand and a grinning Vietnam, both had their hands behind their back.

"How's it going? Oh, I see... they kept refusing, didn't they?" Vietnam asked while turning his head toward Indonesia, when they saw the said country nod, Thailand and Vietnam turned to you, removing their hands from their back and revealing a broom. Grinning, they spoke "Knowing that would happen sooner or later... We've brought a broom! Nicely crafted in our respective nations!"

You sighed and looked at your supposed superiors in a defeated manner "I don't have a choice, do I?"

~ End of flashback ~

"Oh, yeah, I remember now... Sorry..." Laos said apologetically, you could only huff at him in response before asking him about where he was going to drag you to earlier. Laos just mumbled out a quiet 'yeah... I kinda forgot...' and started dragging you again.

After a long while of being dragged around the building, Laos finally stopped in front of a meeting room, "Here we are! A meeting's going to start soon, so UN personally asked me to drag you here on time." Oh, so that's what it is- Wait, but why dragging you though? Meh, whatever the reason was, you couldn't care less.

Pushing the wooden door open, you were greeted with the sight of the English siblings, fighting, *again*. "Why is it that every time I see them, they're always fighting...?" Murmuring, you let your eyes scan around the room for an empty seat, after a few seconds, you finally spotted one that's between Switzerland and Poland. Slowly, you made your way towards the said place.

"Hello, Switzerland, is this seat taken?" You casually asked, and yes, Switzerland had insisted for you to call him by his name too when he heard you did the same to the ASEAN countries, and well, with Indonesia standing next to you at that moment, you could've died if you had said no.

The neutral country smiled and answered you, "No, not that I'm aware of, feel free to sit, Y/N." Switzerland said while his hands gestured towards the plate that was filled with fine Swiss chocolate, telling you to have some. And well, if he was so gracious, you're not going to deny his kind offer, would you?

The Polish country had already noticed you by now, so he tapped your shoulder, the same way he did on your first encounter with him, and greeted you. You were about to greet him back, when he interrupted you with something you were oh-so familiar with.

"So, I see you're on first name basics with several countries for the last few days, and I wonder, would you mind calling me Poland too? It sounds more friendly than *Sir* Poland." Oh great, another person, so many people have asked you this already, there's China, the Belarus twins, Nekomi, Kazakhstan, Russia, even Canada and his siblings! And why did you agree? Well, somehow, there's always Indonesia, Philippines or Malaysia nearby when they asked, so you can't say no. But none of them are here, so it'd be okay to refuse-

"Oh! That's a great idea, what do you say, Y/N!?" Oh great, and here you thought you were safe, but no, Vietnam just had to be there, sending you a sweet, innocent smile, one that you had seen before when he brought the broom during the incident.

You inhaled, before forcing a smile onto your lips and spoke, "Yeah, that sounds nice."

But seriously though, do these countries despise formalities that much? 'Cause from what you're seeing, then yeah, they must've loathed formalities.

♡ ~ ⎯•✧•⎯ ~ ♡

Information and Quests

Love Interests unlocked: 23(+8)

Quest point: 0

Next quest milestone: 10 points

Routes unlocked: 0

8. How to tame a workaholic

[image]

A/n: 2 chapters a day? I feel like a goddess- Anyways, enjoy some fluff (I think-) with Germs and enjoy this beautiful art of him and his genderbend also-

Art credits: taminton on Instagram

♡ ~ —•✧•— ~ ♡

You have a lot of questions yet to be answered, but shoved them away as soon as you saw the organizations entering the room. EU seems to be glaring at Russia today, which was an amazing character development! He probably doesn't hold a grudge against you anymore- Oh nevermind, he's glaring daggers at you again. "Wow, grumpy much?" You mumbled quietly, irritated at the organization.

The organizations soon settled down, UN seemed to be checking whether everyone was present or not, ASEAN's eyes trailed around the room, probably looking for his member countries, and EU was, well, glaring at you, pretty obvious, right?

And like that, the meeting went like usual. With UN saying what was needed to say, and EU quietly giving some corrections here and there, ASEAN looking at his member countries with pleading eyes, begging them to behave well, unfortunate for him, they only smirked at him in response.

As for the countries, well, Canada and New Zealand were *trying* their best to get their laid-back siblings to actually pay attention, there's also Russia who smacked Ukraine's head every now and then for being distracted, or several ASEAN countries looking back and forth while smirking mischievously, definitely plotting something, and China, who was reading a novel, not caring the death glares UN was sending him. The European countries were definitely the calmest and most normal ones out of everyone, they were just

casually listening to UN while sipping on some coffee or biting some chocolates.

There were also countries that attended the meeting through Zoom, most of those said countries can't attend the meeting in person due to businesses they need to solve personally in their respective land, or, due to physical traits that don't allow them to go out at that time of day (*__cough__* __Romania__ *__cough__*)

You just did your job as a note-writer, like normal. Writing down notes about UN's speech and his plans and other important stuff while munching on Switzerland's delicious chocolate, you made the right choice sitting next to the Swiss guy, because his chocolates, are to die for, if there were any benefits from being friends with the said country, was his endless supply of mouth-watering chocolate.

The meeting lasted for about two hours, *that* alone was enough to drain most of your energy, having to pay attention to boring political speeches was tiring, believe it or not, but UN paid you well, so you just bear with it nonetheless.

After gathering all your notes from the table, you slowly made your way out of the room and headed towards the printing room. On your way there, a certain workaholic stopped you.

"Hey, L/N, are you on your way to print the notes from the latest meeting?" Germany asked in his usual tired tone. You were surprised by him, not only because he had started a conversation with you, no. He wasn't present in the meeting earlier, and you even thought that he was back in Germany or something. Carefully, you spoke.

"Yes, I am Sir Germany. May I ask you a question?" He nodded, his eyes held a glint of curiosity, "...Why weren't you present in the last meeting, sir?" When Germany heard your question, his eyes soon closed as he let out a small sigh.

"I... fell asleep earlier in the morning when I was doing paperwork and missed the meeting... Please don't tell EU that, he'll scold me, and I can't bear to be lectured right now..." Your eyes widened in surprise as he mumbled out the answer. Just how sleep-deprived

was this guy?! You've always heard about Germany's workaholic condition from Poland, but you didn't expect it to be that terrible?! Falling asleep while working? That doesn't sound like Germany to you. And he actually told you the reason, that was also unlikely for him to do so, but you've read somewhere that exhaustion could cause people to tell the truth, oh well.

Germany just stared at you while you were busy worrying about his wellbeing, after some time, he waved a hand in front of you to make sure that you hadn't frozen in place.

"...Hello? Are you okay?" You snapped right back to your senses when he asked the question, and you shot another question right back at him.

"Actually, the real question is, are YOU okay??? Your eye bags are so dark? Hello??? When was the last time you slept??? I-" You quickly shut your mouth after realizing that you're just going to overwhelm him from asking too many questions, but you still turned to him, waiting for an answer eagerly.

"...You don't have to care for my well-being... I'm okay..." Germany sounded hesitant when he spoke the last two words, which only grew your concern. Letting out a breath, you quickly folded the notes and shoved them into your backpack, muttering.

"Welp, it can't be helped I guess."

You were currently dragging a clueless Germany to a certain meeting room, the only one that has a sofa that's comfortable enough for sleeping that you know of. How did he actually let you drag him around like that? Well- you didn't know, and you didn't care, either. He was going to have some sleep, and that's final. "1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th... Aha! The 8th room! Come on Germs, you can sleep here, I'll lock the door for you." Oh? How did Germany allow you to call him Germs? You just thought his name was too long and called him Germs instead, and the guy was too tired to even question the nickname. Opening the door, you gently pushed the German guy inside the basic room, there wasn't much in there, just two sofas and a glass table, but that'll do. After the both of you had entered, you turned on the AC and shoved him onto one of the

sofas. He just groaned at you, and complained.

"Ugh... I told you I'm fine... I still got a lot of paperwork to do..." You just rolled your eyes and patted his head, speaking.

"Yeah no, you're getting your rest, about the paperwork you ask? Don't worry!" And with that, you walked out of the room and locked the door with the key that UN gave you.

Wearing Germany's laptop bag and having your hands filled with his paperwork was a tough experience, but if you wanted Germs to rest, then you're gonna have to watch him, who knows? He could just run out of the room and you wouldn't even know if you were going to do his work in his office. So that's how you ended up bringing his laptop and an *extremely* heavy pile of paperwork back to the room you made him sleep in.

Finally arrived at your destination, you unlocked the door and let yourself in quietly, from what you're seeing, it seemed that the German guy had fallen asleep, and oh boy, he looked so peaceful while sleeping. After placing all the things you've carried down on the table and locked the door again, afraid of what people would assume if they had stumbled upon you and Germany being in one room alone together. You then sat on the other sofa a grabbed a pen from your pocket while turning the country's laptop on, "Eh? He doesn't have a password? How careless of him..." Muttering, you then access his files to try and see his way of doing paperwork, *just* so you could copy it. Did you know what you were doing at all? No, no you didn't. But were you still going to do it? Yes, you were definitely doing it. Even if it could be completely wrong? Yup, you were still doing it.

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A few hours later, you were still trying your best to do Germany's paperwork, that was until you heard the sound of the said country getting up from the sofa. "So, how was your nap? Refreshing, ain't

it, Germs?" The male blinked a few times at the nickname, before opening his mouth to answer your question.

"Yeah... it was nice, I guess-" He suddenly stopped when he took a glance at his laptop.

"...Is that my laptop?" You just send him a nervous smile while shutting down the laptop.

"Uhhh, yeah! It is! I thought I could help you with your work a bit... Please don't be mad." Hearing your answer, he then turned his head to eye at the pile of paperwork that you had already finished working on. His lips curved into a small smile as you both made eye contact.

"Thank you, I owe you this time."

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"So... does that mean I can call you Germs from now on?"

"You're already calling me that, why are you even asking?"

"I don't know, for consent?"

"Yeah whatever, call me what you want, just tell me why you call me that?"

"Germs is short for Germany so..."

"You could've gone with Ger-"

"I don't care, I have your consent."

"I thought you said it was unprofessional-"

"Nah, your friends made it normal, so bear with it Germs."

"...Whatever."

♡ ~ ⎯•✧•⎯ ~ ♡

Information and Quests

Love Interests unlocked: 24(+1)

Quest points: 0

Next quest milestone: 10 points

Routes unlocked: 0

9. Before the reunion party

[image]

A/n: Let's appreciate how handsome UN is in this art-

Art credits: taminton on Instagram (I love their art sm-)

♡ ~ ⎯•✧•⎯ ~ ♡

"You don't have much time left, and yet you're still so so far away from the True Ending"

"W-Wait! What's that? Who's talking?!"

"I will give you a small piece of advice then, a big event is coming up, better use your time wisely"

"Hey, Y/N, you okay?"

"Y/N?"

"Y/N!"

"Huh?!" You snapped back to reality as you heard Romania's voice calling your name, what was happening again? Oh yeah, you were having a night shift, and were currently having a break with the vampire when there's suddenly a strange force that pulled you away from reality. Nervously smiling, you assured the confused Romanian, "Yeah! I'm alright, just distracted." He looked at you suspiciously, but shrugged it off and continue to talk rather excitedly.

"Well! As I was saying! There's going to be a party soon!" You looked at him, perplexed, seeing this, the vampire then opened his mouth to speak again, "Oh? You don't know about our annual reunion party? Well, to make it short, you know how there's at least one country that can't work in this building? Even on occasions like Halloween or New Year, they're still someone who can't be here in person... So! UN proposed the idea, and everyone agreed! And it

takes a lot of effort for one simple party like that! Since there'll be a bunch of food and drinks, that *we* have to make... But the nice thing is, you'll get to meet every country and organization!" You nodded as he explained, taking mental notes about things that he was saying.

"Oh and by the way, EU specifically ordered you to help the countries with the cooking."

"Uh huh- Wait what?!"

"Don't look so surprised, oh and... Remember to wear something that's in between casual and formal, 'kay? And don't hit me for what I'll say, too."

"Hah? What do you mean-"

"Bye!"

And with just that, Romania skipped away, leaving you behind, puzzled with a bunch of new information he just gave you. Even when you wanted to say so many things at that moment, the only thing you could murmur out was, "...Is this EU's way of having revenge?"

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"Alright! You can leave the dough there mon ami!" France, or Francia-like what she calls herself, spoke. Smiling brightly, she grabbed your arms and exclaimed enthusiastically, "You know, it's great to have a helper! Last year, I had to do all these pastries alone, and it was tiring..." Francia waved her hand around dramatically, complaining about what she had been through last year. This stroke your interest, from what you've heard, France was ruled by twins, so that means there was another French countryhuman that works along with Francia, so why didn't they help her?

"Erm... If you don't mind me asking, I thought you had a twin?" The female countryhuman stopped talking for a few seconds, before a smirk formed on her face.

"Oh, you mean that twin brother of mine? Nah~ I must've lost my mind if I were to let him anywhere near the kitchen. He can't cook! All he knows is politics and military stuff!" 'So it's a he' you thought, Francia didn't talk anymore, so you also stayed silent. After a short while, her pastries were nicely done, so you left to help another person.

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"WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU'LL ORDER MCDONALD'S?? I mean, the others at least cooked or baked something, and you'll be ordering McDonald's??? That's a little bit... unfair, you know." America just huffed at your words, it seemed that he won't listen to you no matter what, so you won't try anymore. Right when you were about to leave the room, Canada poked in and gave you an offer, one that you definitely can't deny.

"Oh! Hey there Y/N! You can stop persuading Ame, he won't give in. But you could still help me with my Poutines! If there were any leftovers, well... You can have those! What do you say?" Scared that Canada would change his mind, you rushed to his side with no hesitation, leaving an offended America behind.

"So, you can help me with the fries and I'll work on the gravy! There's a recipe note I wrote some time before in one of the drawers, you can just follow it with no problem! I've already cut and soaked the potatoes, you can find them in the fridge!" Following his instructions, you went to grab the potatoes and find his recipe note. Once you've found it, you did exactly everything that was written on it, trying your best not to screw up.

You almost burnt the first batch of potatoes, it made you panicked. And as you took out the potatoes, you knocked over Canada's flour bag, causing it to make a mess all over the floor, and some on the country's work clothes as well.

"Ah- Oh, are you hurt? I'm not sure what a flour bag can do but are you?" Canada asked, his eyes scanned all over you, searching for potential bruises. Shaking your head, you muttered an apology to him as you look for cleaning tools. "You can continue with the fries, I'll clean up."

"No, I can clean them up, it's my fault after all." You tried to reason and seem responsible to him, though you're probably thanking him for his offer. to your surprise and relief, Canada shook his head.

"Don't worry, I like cleaning. You can continue with the fries. Though, ask me of there's any difficulties!" Nodding lightly, you turned back on your fries, trying not to feel guilty about the situation.

Even though a small incident happened, you still got to eat a mouthful of the Canadian's lovely cooking. You complimented his food, which he only smiled warmly at you in response. Remembering that you also needed to help another country, you bid your goodbye and went to look for someone else.

The next country you had to help was Italy, you've met the guy several times, and he was definitely playful. But, from helping him, you've learned another piece of information, he despised Francia and despised the fact that the nickname she chose was Italian even more. Cooking with him was... an experience, he always complained about how she kept saying that her pastries were better than his, and he ranted a ton more. You, somehow, managed to hear everything he said without having a headache, and when he finished everything, Italy gave you a small pizza made from leftover ingredients as thanks for listening to him rant. 'Well, it was a win? I think?' You thought as you shoved the delicious mini pizza into your mouth.

When you finished helping Italy was also when the lunch break started, but you were full from eating the countries' cooking, so you just went to find Amelia, the sweet girl at the receptionist's table, and chat with her. Unfortunately, while you were happily chatting with her, Brunei approached you and pleaded you to get the Maphilido gang to start cooking, or else the blame would go to him. Groaning lightly, you got up from your chair and answered Brunei.

"Alright... You could go take a break, I'll try my best to drag them and make them cook with several threats, can't assure you that it'll work, though." Brunei just thanked you with a smile and walked away. As he walked away, Amelia smirked.

"Seems to me that you're pretty close to the countries."

"Brunei deserves to take a break... You must know how chaotic the Asian department is, right?"

"Yeah, I know. But I'm not referring to just him."

"...I don't know what you're talking about."

"Haha, alright, whatever makes you happy. I hope the ASEAN trio won't murder you!"

"So you know... Well, thanks! I'll need it."

♡ ~ ⎯•✧•⎯ ~ ♡

Information and Quests

Love Interests unlocked: 24(+0)

Quest points: 0

Next quest milestone: 10 points

Routes unlocked: 0

10. The reunion party

The reunion party was just a huge feast, in your opinion. Hundreds of dishes from different parts of the world, cooked by the world leaders, just thinking about it was enough to make your mouth water. Strolling around the tables as your gaze traveled to each dish, you can't help but wonder what each one of them tasted like.

But, food matters aside, *there were so many pretty people*- No kidding though, for example, there was Egypt, whose beauty could even rival Cleopatra, or, Czech Republic, who's as charming as America, and there were so so many more countries that, if looks could kill, would be a serial killer by now. But of course, you couldn't admire the countryhumans' beauty in peace for long, since Belarus, being the nice friend she was, dragged you around and introduced you to her friends. Everything turned out to be okay, the countries seemed to like you, so you didn't mind.

After a bit, UN stepped up and gave a short speech, one that was to thank everyone for working hard, everyone applauded, but suddenly, the said organization said that Romania had something to say, this reminded you that the vampire had told you to not get mad at him for what he'll say. "I wonder what he would say..." Mumbling quietly, you let your attention lock on the Romanian guy who was on the stage.

"So, um... First of all, I would like to thank you all, for not forgetting that I'm a vampire this year, and actually hosted the party at night, unlike last year... But! I would also like to thank a specific someone, Y/N, would you step on the stage for me before I say it, please?"

And just with a few words, everyone's attention was on you. Taking a deep breath, you quickly made your way onto the stage. While you were walking, you could've sworn that you saw China smirking, and that gave you an uneasy feeling.

When you finally stood next to Romania, he continued.

"Thank you, Y/N, for always helping me out with my pranks on other countries in your night shift, for always misleading other countries about my whereabouts when they're searching for me, for making UN believe that I was not the culprit for the mischiefs that we both create. In other words, thank you, for being my partner in crime."

Oh no, so this was why he told you to not get mad beforehand, but how could you not? He just sold you?! Turning to Romania with a disapproving face, you could see him smirking victoriously, and with that, he grabbed your hand and pulled you to a small corner. You were about to open your mouth to protest, but Romania already placed his index finger onto your lips, shushing you, and whispered, "Shush, we should stay here for a little so UN and the others can calm down, then, we'll leave immediately, 'kay?" You only nodded in response.

You kinda wonder, if he told everyone about his and your crimes, just to run and hide, then why did he do it in the first place. Looking back at the vampire, he was playing with his fingers, not caring about you. You sighed lightly, before finally asking the male the question that lingered in your mind for the last moments.

"Huh? Why did I do it?" Romania let out a small chuckle and smiled mischievously, "For chaos, of course~ It's been a long while since I did things like this, sad that I can't watch everyone's expression, though..." After what seemed like 15 minutes, Romania spoke again, "Everything should be fine by now, let's go~" And like that, he pulled you out of the corner and quickly disappear to who-knows-where. You scoffed at him, but shrugged it off and went to taste some mouth-watering food.

While you were flavoring some of Francia's pastries, a female country approached you smiling nicely, and started a conversation.

"Hey there, I'm Bulgaria! And I just wanted to say... Please tell me about the times you wreaked havoc upon this building with Roma in detail!! I used to be his partner in crime but UN separated us and throw me back to my nation!!!! I want to hear all about your schemes!! And I could give advice for your future plans, too!" And the conversation went on, with Bulgaria telling you about how

childish Romania used to be and how much of a devil he was whenever he thought of a new prank. You kinda enjoy her stories of the Romanian, mainly for blackmail material though-

After that, Bulgaria said goodbye as she went to find her best friend, and you were, well, eating French cuisine again, wasn't that obvious? But eating too much had caused you to feel full, so you walked around for a bit, and crossed paths with China while doing so, and of course, he just had to grab you and made you go with him.

Oh and yeah, did I mention that he suddenly had horns and tail for today? You were curious, so you asked China, and he gladly answered your question.

"Eh? My horns and tail? Fufufu~ I'm a humanoid dragon, so they're just some features that I have. You're close to Romania, no? A hybrid shouldn't be too unfamiliar for you~" Nodding at his statement, you then decided to push your luck and ask where he was pulling you to. Hearing the question slip out of your mouth, the guy frowned a bit before replying to you. "Well... the Maphilido trio is at it again, and the ones that could calm them down are nowhere to be seen. I also know that you can do the same as Brunei, so I'm taking you." Oh, so that's what he want, you thought that he was jealous or something- Nevermind, you've read too many love novels. Being someone who could defuse whatever chaos the ASEAN countries created definitely wasn't easy, but it's your life now.

At least when you did his job for him, China gave you a pat on the head and saved some of his delicious dim sum for you, and you didn't complain, but then, he also said that he'd like to introduce you to 2 of his friends, who would definitely need your help with the Maphilidos sooner or later. And that's the story of how you met North Korea and South Korea in a personal and not work-related way.

North Korea was a cold and strict guy with a piercing gaze, while his younger brother South Korea was friendly and trendy. And, well, your conversation with them was... interesting? Maybe?

"So, who's this person again China?" North Korea asked, yet his face showed no interest.

"Brother... be a little bit more friendly and greet them first!" South Korea scolded his brother before turning to you with a nervous smile. "Hello, I'm South Korea! Call me South if you feel like it, and pay no mind to my brother's behavior, he's just... himself..."

"Aw~ Is Northie interested in my friend?~ Seems like my emotionless friend is finally curious about someone~" China smiled smugly and teased North Korea, who simply scoffed in response.

"And? What if I really am?" North Korea shot back at China irritatedly, a dangerous aura forming around him.

"Huh? So you actually are~ I thought I won't be able to live to this day~" China mocked while South only had a surprised look on his face, murmuring several things that you couldn't quite make out.

"Well, someone like you wouldn't be friends with someone you deem useless, in other words, you only consider those you could make a profit out of, friends." North Korea spoke while glaring at China. But you couldn't care less about his attitude, you were kinda hurt when you heard his words, China only saw you as a tool for profit? That's kinda depressing-

Before you could even hear more of the argument, someone already pulled you out of the mess and led you somewhere, from your knowledge, probably out of the building.

♡ ~ ⎯•✧•⎯ ~ ♡

Information and Quests

Love Interests unlocked: 25(+1)

Quest points: 0

Next quest milestone: 10 points

Routes unlocked: 0

11. You're stupid-

A/n: I kinda calculate the countries' age by dividing their age in human years by 10 and adding 5, confusing I know, but bear with it-

Plus, this chapter is going to be the start of the lore:D! I hope you all enjoy this chapter!

♡ ~ —•✧•— ~ ♡

After you ensured that the person was pulling you out of the building, you shifted your gaze back to them. Someone with white hair... Who could they be? Traveling through every piece of memory you've got ever since you got to this world, you could only recall two people with white hair, one was South Korea, and he was inside with his brother and China, and the other was Russia. 'Oh, so this was Russia?' You thought, before snapping back to reality, he had already pulled you outside and was now sitting on a bench. You quirked your eyebrow at the Russian, questioning his antics. "Why did you drag me out of the building?"

Russia sent you a bored look and answered you in a monotone voice.

"Trust me, even with South Korea there, that banter of theirs would eventually turn into a huge fight, and you wouldn't want to be caught in the crossfire." This only left you with more confusion, if what he said was true, how did he know? You were about to ask him this when he read your mind and spoke. "I had tons of experience, now are you still going to stare at me with that dumbfounded look or what?" Out of curiosity, you asked him again, this time, about how he even got experience being caught in China and North Korea's crossfire. "Well, I used to be comrades with them. We all worked under my brother's reign." You let out a hum of acknowledgment, and pushed your luck, "So who's your brother?" Russia was a bit surprised by the question, but he still whispered out a subtle 'Soviet Union' and turned away, scowling, "Don't ever

ask anything like that again."

The night ended just like what Russia had told you, China had got on North Korea's nerves so much that he almost got hit by a table that the Korean threw, it became so serious that UN eventually had to step in. "I definitely wouldn't want to be hit by a table either, I guess I owe him one." You muttered on your way home.

Despite staying up late for the party, you still had to come to work the regular hour the next day, you wanted to complain but didn't know who to complain to, so you stayed silent about the matter. However, once you do arrive at work, an apologetic ASEAN greeted you and told you about the situation they were in.

"Well, we stayed up pretty late last night, did we...? Minus the ones that got home early or simply don't need much sleep, pretty much everyone else was sleeping at home... You're not really needed this morning, so whether you stay or not is your choice... I'm sorry for the inconvenience..." You could only nod at ASEAN's remarks as your mind fought with itself whether to stay or go home. In the end, you stayed, why?

"Eh, I already came here, why not just mess around a little before the evening shift." And with that, you decided to walk to a nearby cafe to buy coffee and some desserts before goofing around.

To your surprise, you were met with two countries, one in formal attire and the other one wearing ripped jeans. Squinting your eyes a bit, you recognized them as Great Britain and America. Deciding that you weren't going to deal with it so early in the morning, you sneaked your way around the pair, unintentionally hearing a part of what seemed to be a serious conversation of theirs.

"Ame, they're in my care, our parents entrusted them to me, not you, what you did was against the law, and I could always sue you for it."

"Pfft- I have enough power to keep my siblings with me, so *in.your.dreams* Britain! You're not taking them away from me, I'll isolate them from you if I have to!"

"You are not mature enough to take care of them, I am."

"I'm literally 246 years old in human age you British!"

"That's only about 29 years old in country age America."

"Well guess what, at least I'm being a supportive brother to them, unlike a *certain* someone!"

"I-"

Not wanting to hear any more of the fight, you walked hurriedly to the counter and ordered, leaving the two countries behind, who were still fighting and probably hadn't seen you.

On your way back to the building, you couldn't help but wonder what their fight was about, it was a pretty bad idea to hear just enough to grow curious about the matter. It seemed like they were fighting over who got to take care of their younger siblings? "That's Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, if my memory doesn't fail me..." Muttering, you took a sip of your coffee.

Wandering through the empty halls of the skyscraper, you allowed your eyes to travel to every door in the hallway, admiring the beautiful and unique decorations on each of the doors, your favorite must be EU's, it just reeks of luxury and elegance, not like you'll ever admit that in front of him though, he still got on your nerves a lot.

While you were busy appreciating the lovely designs of the doors and the gorgeous art pieces that were hung on the wall every once in a while, a certain portrait caught your attention, it was an exquisite drawing of... France? Oh wait, there was handwriting that read French Empire. After learning the new information, you lifted your head again to admire the painting. The first thing that crossed your mind looking at the artwork? Well... 'Oh.My.Gosh He's so fine-' Ah yes, you're such a simp. But when you were busy simping over the male country, a finger tapped your shoulder. Turning around, you were greeted with a confused France, and not Francia, no, her twin brother, the one that you had never seen before. Seeing that your attention was on him, he opened his mouth to speak.

"Why were you staring at my father's painting like that?"

"I- um..."

'Oh no, what am I going to say to him, oh gosh, what if he thought I was a creep or something?!' Mentally panicking, you forced your brain to function, trying to form a good enough reason for your actions. Unfortunately for you, another male had made his appearance to make your situation worse.

It was none other than Japan, the male Japan, also known as Nekomi's older brother. He walked toward France and whispered several things that you assumed were his confusion about what was happening, and the French male's answer only grew your nervousness.

"Well you see Japan, this person here was looking at my father's portrait in a kinda weird way... I was just asking them." The Japanese nodded and continued to whisper something else to France, but you could tell that he wanted to know the answer from you, too. Luckily, two certain females had come to save your day.

"おにいさん(Brother)! There you are! You have to try out the new dish me and Francia-san made!" Nekomi ran straight to her brother, tackling him into a tight hug, before letting him go and enthusiastically explaining what she wanted.

"Frère(Brother), you've got to try, too! It'd be delicious~" The other female walked towards her own brother, patting his shoulder. The said French man only scoffed at his sister's attitude.

Japan let out a disgusted noise, he slowly spoke.

"If it was Francia's cooking, I'd eat it, but if you had helped? Last time I ate something you made I had to go to the hospital!"

No one's attention was on you anymore, so you grabbed the opportunity and crept out.

Happily skipping to the other side of the hallway, staying as far as you could from the artwork that had got you caught, out of nowhere, you were pulled into an empty office which caused you to

scream, only for a hand to cover your mouth, your supposed screams were now only incoherent muffles. Glancing at the culprit, you could recognize Poland's secretary. Slowly, she spoke.

"You were starting to get on my nerves! Ever since *you* came, my plan had started to fall apart, all.because.of *you*!"

You could only look at her in disapproval, 'Is this girl even sane? What was she talking about? Does she need a therapist?' Thousands of questions formed in your mind, but you stayed silent, not because you were afraid of her, no. Because you wanted to see what kind of stunts she'd pull. The female, on the other hand, just seemed to be more enraged at the fact you weren't frightened at all. She then calmed herself and let out a scoff, which was followed by a threat. "This is only a warning, next time, if you keep ruining my plans, I ***won't*** hesitate to tear your reputation apart." With a bored expression, you rolled your eyes, murmuring something among the lines of 'How can I stop ruining your plans if you didn't tell me what it was, you're stupid-' The female let out a grumpy noise and glared.

"I heard that." But she soon walked away.

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"Hey Izabel... Don't you think we're going too far...?"

"Don't go soft now, Haoyu. I've already succeeded in gaining Poland's trust, and as naive as he seems, he's not one to trust everyone. Now tell me about your accomplishments."

"W-Well, China has trusted me enough to help him with his fairly secret files..."

"Good job, Haoyu, at this rate, if that *rat* stops ruining our plans, we'll succeed in no time."

"Thanks, Izabel..."

♡ ~ ⎯•✧•⎯ ~ ♡

Information and Quests

Love Interests unlocked: 27(+2)

Quest points: 0

Next quest milestone: 10 points

Routes unlocked: 0

12. Plans

A/n: There are no countries in this chapter, they're only mentioned- But this chapter's pretty important so...

♡ ~ —•✧•— ~ ♡

After a well-deserved break in the morning, you did your job as a note-writer like usual in the evening shift again, leaving the encounter with Poland's secretary in the back of your mind. You believed that it was unnecessary to care, not at that time, at least.

And what were you doing now? Let's just say that UN wanted you to get along with some people, and made you hang out with them, why?

"There are very few humans that get to work with us organizations and countries, but the ones that do, just seemed to hate the others, so that's why I want you guys to do this." Quoted UN.

Well, who were you to deny his offer? And that was the reason why you were in a room with several others, including the very friendly Amelia. But instead of doing what UN wanted, it seemed that everyone wanted to kill each other.

"So, uh... Are we going to talk? Or just staring into each other's souls like this...?" Amelia spoke, wishing to end the awkward and intense atmosphere. Upon hearing your friend's request, a male from across the room nodded eagerly and spoke nervously in a faint Chinese accent, but still audible.

"I agree, we're here to become friends right...? At least that's what Sir UN wanted..." After he spoke, the room fell into silence again, you could clearly tell that the guy was panicking, pitying him, you finally spoke.

"He's right, if we can't be friends today, Sir UN would just force us here again. I'm Y/N L/N, how about you all?" The male's shoulders

relaxed when you talked, and he was also the first to answer your question.

"I'm Haoyu Chen! Sir China's assistant, if you couldn't figure it out by now." The female next to Haoyu, who you could recognize as Poland's secretary, signed quietly and spoke.

"Izabel, Sir Poland's secretary, and I don't see the need for you to know my last name." Another male huffed lightly at Izabel's offensive manner, before introducing himself.

"Zente Elrod, Sir EU's assistant, since you guys probably hardly see me around." After everyone else had finished introducing themselves, Amelia did hers. With that, the four of you started talking and ranting about work, turns out that everyone was pretty relatable, why only four people? Izabel didn't want to talk, obviously.

After a while of talking, Zente asked whether everyone wanted to go grab dinner together, you pondered a while, but eventually agreed since if you hadn't you'll probably end up eating instant noodles. Amelia, being the social butterfly she was, agreed to go. Haoyu wanted to go and was about to agree but shut up after he got a glare from Izabel. As for the female herself, she only rolled her eyes and muttered a 'Not interested.' After leaving everyone offended with her attitude, Izabel just grabbed Haoyu's wrist and pulled him away.

There was another while of awkward silence, before Amelia spoke up again. "So... we're still in that dinner, right?" You and Zente only chuckled before actively talking about where to eat.

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"So, Zente, I just happen to know that EU just hates my guts a lot, as his assistant, mind telling me the reason?" You casually asked while the said male widened his eyes a bit before laughing.

"You have the guts to call him by name like that? Pft- and what do you mean by he loathed you? He kept complimenting you about how well you do your work! Sometimes I even got compared to you!" You were shocked at the discovery, before scowling at him, "You liar! He hates me! He literally glares at me every time we crossed paths!"

"He's checking your composure! He wasn't glaring! His stare was just unfriendly and sharp is all! I know him well enough to conclude that." The male burst into laughter again, this time with Amelia giggling alongside him. And you? You were too in denial to even laugh. But after a bit, Zente's laughter stopped rather abruptly as he stared at you in a serious manner. Slowly, he whispered just enough for you and Amelia to hear.

"Enough with the jokes, Y/N, you need to be careful and have your guard up, especially around Izabel or Haoyu." You quirked your eyebrow a bit, after what happened in the morning, you already had your guard around Izabel, but Haoyu?

"Why?"

Zente signed subtly and spoke, "They're planning something, I know it."

"How do you know?!" Amelia whisper-yelled out of disbelief.

"Shh, keep your voice down. And there are two reasons, I work for EU, and some of his member countries are the definition of mischievous, I kinda know it when someone's planning something. And second, I and Haoyu are friends, or used to, at least, and he's been off lately ever since he and Izabel got close. If I had to guess, that devilish girl is the mastermind, and Haoyu is just a pawn of hers. And she was glaring at you, it seemed to me that she deems you a threat to her plan. Just, don't be too naive around them."

You only nodded while Amelia looked at you worriedly. After that conversation, you three paid and bid your goodbyes. Before separating ways, Zente turned to you and spoke one last time, "You know, I'll try my best to confront Haoyu, if I managed to get him to say anything, I'll let you know, 'kay?" Amelia only patted your

shoulder in a reassuring manner, and with that, they both hopped on their cars and drove back home, leaving you alone with your thoughts.

"I wonder what kind of plans they have..." Thinking out loud, your hands swiftly grabbed your car keys as you started to head for your own car.

♡ ~ ⎯•✧•⎯ ~ ♡

Information and Quests

Love Interests unlocked: 27(+0)

Quest points: 0

Next quest milestone: 10 points

Routes unlocked: 0

♡ Special Chapter ♡

A/n: Thank you all for your support! I'm very grateful to you all! 2k reads?! 100 votes?! I never thought I could ever come this far! So please, have this little fluffy scenario(?) chapter as thanks from me!!

Art credits: taminton on Instagram

This was drafted for some reason so I reposted it!

♡ ~ -----•✧•----- ~ ♡

How the Love Interests would react to you randomly hugging them and what happens afterward

Scenario: They just returned from a one-week-long trip, and you two talked about their work until you abruptly hugged them.

America:

-Chuckles

-"Did you miss me, kitten?"

-Cracks random jokes about how you can't live without him

-Hugs you back after a while anyway

-Wouldn't let you go anytime soon, man is touch-starved

-Would never admit it tho-

Canada

-Happily hugs you back immediately

-Would either caress your hair or play with it while hugging you

-Continues to tell you about his trip

-If you can't hug him for long, he'll frown but still lets you go

-If not, you'll probably need someone to pull him away lmao-

Australia

-"AH! Don't do that again, you scared me-"

-Doesn't hug you back

-Just let you do your thing while kept ranting to you or something-

-If you tell him to hug you, then sure! He'll gladly comply

-Expect Charles the spider to crawl onto you while you're hugging him, too

New Zealand

-Almost fell when you jumped onto her and hugged her

-After catching you, her first instinct is to scold you about how she was very concentrated and you could've given her a heart attack

-But will calm down after a few seconds and hug you back shyly

-Touch-starved, but shy

-Hold her a bit tighter and New Zealand would melt

-Would make you let her go after a bit so you both could do your jobs tho

Russia

-Isn't startled in the slightest bit

-Stares at you for a good minute before starting to blush

-Will hesitantly hug you back

-Kinda stiff

-Would push you away after some minutes out of embarrassment

-Don't get him wrong, he'd rather hug you somewhere more secretive

Bela(Belarus)

-Hugs you back almost immediately

-"It's a whole week since I last hugged you, I miss your hugs a lot!"

-Can and will lift you up while laughing, she's a strong woman

-A bit surprised that you made the first move, it's usually her, but she's not complaining

-Would place you down after a while, give you a quick kiss on the cheek and resume her rant

-Brags about it to everyone else later, even UN knows

Bel(Belarus)

-Hugs you back for one second and pushes you away

-"I just got back, my clothes aren't clean enough for long hugs, Y/n"

-Pats your head instead, perhaps even a quick peck if he felt like it

-Whine about it for long enough and he'll just hug you anyways

-Has a soft spot for you

-Is quiet the whole time you two hug

Ukraine

-Grumpy boy

-"Why are you hugging me? Gross..."

-If you keep hugging anyway, he'll mutter some curses in Ukrainian under his breath and hug you back while blushing

-But if you let go of him with or without a frown, he'll start panicking and pull you back into a hug

-Would place his chin on your head and murmur some random things

-In other words, he's a tsundere

Kazakhstan

-Stares for a second before he goes "Oh!" and hugs you back

-But one flaw is that he hugs you extremely tight

-Could even choke you with the hug-

-But would let you go after a bit while continuing his speech

-More keen on flying together with you than hugging

Germany

-Lets you do your thing while complaining about how bad his trip was

-When he's finished and you're still hugging him, he'll hug you back for a bit

-Caress your hair while hugging you

-Germany has work to do, but hugging you is more important

-When the time that he must start working comes, he'll just make you go and cuddle him while he works

France

-Becomes a bit stiff, he's not used to any type of affection

-Ponders for while trying to think of what to do

-Will awkwardly hug you back

-If you attempt to hug him even a bit tighter, he'll push you away saying that he had to meet EU to report

-Lies, pure lies

-Don't let him go, he'll relax after a while and would hug you more naturally

Poland

-Hugs you back slightly while kissing all over your face

-"It's a whole week! I miss you and your touch a lot!"

-When he's done with kissing he'll snuggle closer to you

-After a bit, he'll just pick you up to cuddle with him in his office

-I wonder what happens later-

Switzerland

-He'll give you one of his famous business smiles before shoving some chocolates he bought in your mouth lightly

-"If you want a hug, tell me my chocolate is better than the one I just fed you"

-Just say his chocolate is the best, and he'll nod and hug you back while smiling genuinely

-Probably tells you how none of the chocolates where he went were as good as his while hugging

-Listen to him rant, and he'll be happy for the entire week

-Pats your head later

Italy

-Looks at you and smirks

-"Eh?~ You missed me that bad?~ Might as well hug you back

then"

-His hugs are pretty intimate

-May or may not escalate into something else

-Will drag you to the kitchen to have cannolis together later

Japan

-Immediately stiffens and blushes

-"W-What are you doing...?"

-He's now a log, don't even bother to tell him to hug you back, he simply can't

-When you finally let go of him so he could breathe, he'll send you a nervous smile

-Bends down to kiss you

-"I'm still not used to all those stuff, I apologize, Y/N"

Nekomi Japan

-Her tail would be wagging a lot

-Giggling uncontrollably when returning the hug

-Probably spins you around

-It would end up with the female dragging you to her office to read manga together

-What can I say, Nekomi is just Nekomi

Philippines

-His face would go from ':O' to ':D' in a spilt second

-"Did you miss me? Well, that's great 'cause I miss you too!"

-Phil is very clingy, once you started to hug him, he won't let go

-If you do try to remove him from you he whines, a lot

-"But mahal ko! I just got back, and I haven't hugged you for a week alreadyyy"

-You'll end up having Philippines clinging onto you for the whole day

Malaysia

-Embarrassed and blushy boy

-"Y/N?? Why are you hugging me...?"

-Caress him and he'll melt

-Wants to hug you but is too embarrassed to do so

-He'll make it up to you later somehow to make sure you don't feel neglected by him

-Probably makes apam balik(the ultimate Malaysian pancake) for you later

Indonesia

-Surprised

-Hugs you back gleefully, might even pick you up

-Tries to look cool and unaffected by your sudden hug but failed

-Point it out, and he'll go red and starts to stutter

-"Wha-What do you mean I like your hugs?! I-I don't!"

-Could drop you if he gets too flustered, so be careful

Vietnam

-Takes some time for his brain to progress what's happening

-"...Are you hugging me?"

-When you nod your head, he'll send you a cheerful smile and hug you back

-After a bit he will let you go since you both still have work

-He'd still give you a gentle kiss before walking away

Laos

-Startled

-"Ack! Y/N!! I could've died!!"

-But loves your hug nonetheless

-Doesn't hug you back, he only pats your head

-If he's feeling like it, he'll caress your hair, too

-Pretty boring overall, but at least he's quiet and wholesome

Brunei

-Eyes widened

-Hugs you back slowly and nervously

-You could even feel his hands trembling

-Brunei is warm, he's like a personal heater to you

-While hugging you could hear him muttering things like 'You're so wholesome' and 'I missed you' and corny stuff like that

-I'm only concerned for the Asian department now that both of you are busy-

Singapore

-Confused, confused and confused

-"Why are you hugging me? Is this your way of asking for money?"

-Man's just so oblivious to the point that it's kinda funny

-When you explain that you just miss him he goes like 'Oh'

-Doesn't even bother to hug you back

-Still gives money to you in the end because he doesn't believe that you only hug him because you miss him

Thailand

-Hugs you back for a bit

-After that he'll try to shove you away to properly tell you about his trip

-"Y/NNN, I know you want to hug, but I want to finish the storyyy"

-When you finally give in he'll smile and continue talking

-Cooks Tom Yum for you after as an apology

Cambodia

-Quietly hugs you back

-Ask you a few questions while laying his head on your shoulder

-"How much chaos have the others created while I'm gone?"

Will glare at everyone who's trying to interrupt you two hugging

-Will make you cuddle with him in his office later

Myanmar

-Stares at you with an unreadable expression

-Pats your head and resumed his rant

-Don't try to get him to hug you, it's useless

-That's until you let go of him with a frown

-He'll just give up and pull you into a hug gently

UN

-Chuckles at you and hugs you back

-Wraps his white wings around you and kisses you softly

-Tells you funny things he has saw on his trip

-He misses your warmth a lot, so would be kinda clingy in a way

-Ends up giving you that day off so you two could peacefully cuddle at his place

EU

-Looks at you and smirks

-Doesn't hug you back and continued with his speech

-Even when you tell him you wanted him to hug you he'll pretend as if he hasn't heard you

-If you kept whining, he'll just flick your head

-While doing so, the stars on the halo of his head probably hit you too-

-Later in the day, he'll come to you saying he needed to hug you anyway, so you'll get your chance to tease him

ASEAN

-Laughs lightly

-Doesn't hug you back immediately, he just needs time to appreciate how sweet you are

-Presses light kisses on your head while hugging

-Asks about how you were doing while he's gone

-Asks about his member countries too

-Takes you on a date later to catch up with the events in the building

China

-"Eh?~ Fufufu, that's adorable~"

-Absolutely adores it when you show him any kind of affection

-But when it comes to returning the gestures? Nope, he's not one for that

-When you tell him to hug you back, he goes:

"Why should I? I can't make any profit out of hugging you~"

-Just kiss him, that should do

Britain

-Chuckles part 2

-"I never expected you to miss me that much"

-Hugs you back, mainly because he also misses you

-Tells you about how tiring the trip was

-Keeps hugging you for a long time if there are no meetings

-Another touch-starved person

-Clingy

-Offers to treat you to dinner later since he wants to tell you his story while hearing yours

♡ ~ -----•✧•----- ~ ♡

A/n: Kinda long and kinda side-tracked- Aha, so... I hope you enjoyed my writing? Have a good day/night!

13. To the past

A/n: Yay another chapter! Tbh I was kinda stuck when deciding whose past should you guys get to see, it was either Ame and his siblings or Rus and his siblings, but I settled with the Russian siblings, the concept was kind of inspired by an rp I had with my friend Avianna_Nao

Also, the italic speeches are in Russian lmao.

♡ ~ —•✧•— ~ ♡

It's been a week since your conversation with Zente, and ever since that, you haven't been able to get a good sleep. You were constantly worrying and thinking about all the possibilities that could happen. While lying on your cozy bed, you suddenly heard your phone vibrate next to you. Confused, you grabbed the phone to check the notifications.

"It's from an app called... Information and Quests? Wait, isn't that the one that contained the Love Interests' info?" Mumbling, you tap on the notification, and it then navigates you to the Quests section of the page. "These weren't here before- Who am I kidding, I haven't opened this app for some months-" Scrolling through all the new quests that you needed to do to gain some 'important' information, you quickly scanned all the texts. You, being curious about how the system works, tapped on a random task, and pressed '**proceed**'. After a minute, nothing happened, you sighed, disappointed, that was until you were knocked unconscious out of nowhere.

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"*L/n, are you awake yet?*" An unfamiliar feminine voice spoke in Russian from a distance, and right after that, you heard a knock. Feeling sleepy, you groaned lightly and decided to stay silent, also ignoring the fact that you suddenly understood the language.

"*L/n? L/N!! I'm coming in!*" With that, you heard the sound of a door

bursting open. Annoyed, you opened your left eye to see who dared to disturb your sleep. To your surprise, it was a stranger. Alarmed, you immediately stood up.

"*WHO ARE YOU AND WHY ARE YOU IN MY HOUSE?!*" You gasped lightly after yelling, surprised by the fact you just spoke Russian while the female stood at the entrance of the room, dumbfounded.

"*It's me Elizaveta! Your friend! And what do you mean your house...? We all live in Sir Soviet Union's mansion*?" Confused, you looked around, and well, it wasn't the room you'd been staying in for the past months, it was a completely new room.

Observing the female suspiciously, you cautiously spoke, "*So...Elizaveta, right? Why do we even live in Sir Soviet's mansion?*" The said woman quirked her eyebrows at you and eyed you up and down as if you were an alien, she semi-yelled.

"*What do you mean why?! I'm a maid and you're his butler!! We've worked and lived here for like 5 years already! You must've hit your head or your exhaustion is acting up or something... Anyway, you should dress up soon, we need to have breakfast before work.*" And Elizaveta then walked out and closed the door, leaving you on your own with just your thoughts.

Everything went quiet again, giving you the perfect atmosphere to think and recall past events. "*Oh right! I chose to start a quest or something didn't I...? I don't even remember the quest- Well, probably has something to do with Russia.*" You shrugged before noticing that a beautiful letter has fallen in front of you, what's more surprising was, it kind of fell from nowhere. Picking up the envelope, you quickly scanned it, and turns out, it was addressed to you. Getting the piece of paper out of the envelope, you then read its contents.

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Quest

Objective 1: Obtain Soviet Union's discarded strategy map

Information
~~~~

Settings: Year 1943, in the middle of World War 2

Role: Soviet Union's personal butler

Established relationships:

* *Elizaveta-childhood friend*

**Soviet Union-boss/master*

**Russia-young master/friend*

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"*...I kinda wonder how I'll be able to complete this quest. EVERYTHING SEEMS SO COMPLICATED??*" Groaning one last time, you then went to change, not wanting USSR to slice your head off if you somehow be late.

After eating breakfast with your friend, you were instructed to go and follow Soviet around, which, sounded like a stalker to you. But it was your job, and now you had to deal with it. While trying your best to navigate around the *huge* mansion that Russia's older brother owned, you bumped into quite a lot of familiar faces, including Vietnam, Laos, China, North Korea,... but not any of his supposed siblings. "*Where are they? They're still sleeping or something?*" You murmured, still trying to find Soviet Union's office.

After an hour, Soviet, who hadn't seen his butler when he should've by now, was annoyed and decided to went and find his butler himself. Walking through countless hallways, USSR stopped here and there to ask random maids or acquaintances of his about his butler's whereabouts, but none of them had any useful information. After what seemed like forever to him, Soviet came across his butler, who looked as if he had just arrived when he had worked here for 5 years. Tapping on the confused person's shoulder, successfully gaining their attention, the union spoke.

"*Mind explaining why weren't you at my office yet, L/n?*"

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You were just looking around trying to see anything that could give you a hint about where your master's office was when someone tapped your shoulder rather aggressively. Flinching, you turned around and was greeted with an irritated Soviet Union.

"*Mind explaining why weren't you at my office yet, L/n?*" Anxious, you lightly bowed at the union and spoke.

"*M-My apologies sir! I was lost!*" You were screwed, since, from all the fanfics you've read, the male was mostly depicted as someone who doesn't tolerate mistakes, and he'll probably murder you because you couldn't figure out how to go to his office. But to your surprise, he only let out a sigh and shook his head, mumbling.

"*I thought Elizaveta was joking about you hitting your head... Anyways, I have a meeting with my allies, so I'd like you to watch my children for me. They're in the library studying,*" he looked at you for a second, then continued, "*The library is on the second floor, at the east side of the mansion. Ask a maid if you still can't find it.*"

Even when you've been walking back and forth through all the corridors on the left side of Soviet's mansion for several hours now, you still can't find his library. "*JUST HOW BIG CAN A HOUSE BE-*" That was until you felt a book hitting your head, frustrated, you turned around and to your surprise, it was the child version of Belarus, he was around 10. He looked at you grumpily before speaking up, "*What's up with you today? You've been to my brother's library hundreds of times. Come on, I'll get you there. Or if you wish to see a raged Ruski then that's fine with me.*"

♡ ~ ‒•✧•‒ ~ ♡

Information and Quests

Love Interests unlocked: 27(+0)

Quest points: 0

Next quest milestone: 10 points

Routes unlocked: 0

14. Kids are a hassle

[image]

A/n: Just in case anyone wanted to say that Soviet Union was a communist state, hence its members were also communist, Soviet Union was a shortened version of USSR and it's the shortened version of Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. So, yeah, that's that-

Pretty long chapter, around 1.7k words, just to inform you all. Plus, like the previous chapter, the italic speeches are in Russian.

And grown Estonia is so pretty woo-

♡ ~ ⎯•✧•⎯ ~ ♡

Nodding nervously at the young Belarus, you carefully walked behind him as he leads you through several corridors and hallways. After a few minutes, he abruptly stopped in front of a huge wooden door and pushed it harshly, revealing an enormous and luxurious library inside. The youngster motioned you to come in and close the door behind the both of you. He then lead you to a huge table placed in the middle of the room. You could make out some familiar faces, but there were more countries than you had thought.

As the young male took a seat next to his twin sister, he eyed you with visible confusion, before speaking up aggressively. "*Can't you see there are new countries? Why don't you introduce yourself to them, huh?!*"

"*Belarus sure is more aggressive when he was young...*" Murmuring, you turned yourself to face the younger countries. "*I am Y/n L/n, it's a pleasure to meet you all.*"

The youngest countries looked at each other for a bit before a country with a red flag with rippling water at the bottom and a socialist symbol on the top left corner started to introduce herself.

"*Well it's nice to meet you L/n! I am Latvia! The ones next to me are*

Estonia and Lithuania! All three of us are USSR's adopted sisters!" Latvia exclaimed while smiling fondly at you. Her sisters Estonia and Lithuania only gave you a slight nod, their stoic expressions remained.

Nodding and returning the smile Latvia sent your way, you then shifted your gaze onto more... unfamiliar countries, you could recognize Moldova and Georgia, at least that was what you recalled. Feeling your intense gaze on them, a female country whose flag consisted of a quite narrow stripe of blue on a red flag, and of course, a socialist symbol on the top left corner of her face spoke up.

"*Please stop staring at us, if you want us to introduce ourselves, you could just voice them out.*" Her eyes gazed sharply at yours for a minute before she talked again, "*I'm Armenia, happy?*"

Some other countries decided to follow in their moody sister's footsteps. You could hear several names in several different manners such as '*Kyrgyzstan, that's it*' or '*I'm Azerbaijan!*' there were also those who were shy and didn't introduce themselves. It was nice to meet more countries, at least that was what you thought, since watching them, was a hassle. The atmosphere was so tense that you just wanted to back out and return to the original timeline already. But of course, life isn't like eating a piece of cake, there was no way to get back, and since that was the case, you should start to think of a plan soon.

Glancing at the countries you already knew in the future, you unintentionally smirked as a plan formed in your brilliant mind.

"*Um... why are you smirking like that?*" An uncertain voice spoke, snapping back to reality, you turned to see who the voice belonged to, turns out it belonged to young Kazakhstan, who seemed to be creeped out by your behavior. Shooting an apologetic look at him, you went back to help little Latvia with her maths problems while the plan still lingered in your mind.

After some time, the USSR was finally done with his meeting, and he had let you go rest for the day, '*since my siblings are a hassle sometimes,*' he quoted. You were alone in your room, yet again,

thinking about your plan to retrieve the discarded strategy.

"*I could probably get one of his youngest siblings to ask about its whereabouts for me... But who? Latvia seemed to be the best choice for now, or perhaps Bela? Kazakhstan and Bel are already wary of me, so their names are crossed. Wait, isn't Russia my friend, I probably could get some information out of him, he did say he was comrades with North Korea under Soviet's reign after all.*" Sitting up with your newfound determination, you went to look for Russia, and possibly, become friends with the younger and more naive countries, too.

Strolling through the halls wasn't such a big deal anymore, you were glad you actually managed to remember several paths from the morning. Not having to run around and turning your head everywhere like an idiot was a nice feeling. After a bit of walking around, you eventually bumped into the Russian.

"*Oh, it's nice to see you here, Russia, I was looking for you.*" You started the conversation, making the said country stopped walking as he sent you a confused glance.

"*Why? Did my brother ask for my presence?*" You shook your head, which only made the teenage boy more confused.

"*I just wanted to ask you something, I hope you don't mind?*" Russia let out a quiet '*oh*' as his face turned into a knowing expression, nodding lightly as he spoke.

"*No, L/n, I won't mind, go ahead.*" You suddenly felt a bit nervous, wouldn't you be suspicious if you had abruptly asked about something so... secretive? Still, there was no backing out now, gaining all the courage you had left, you asked your question.

"*So, I heard that there was a discarded strategy? Is it true?*" Russia's face twitched into an alarmed expression, quirking an eyebrow at you as he spoke.

"*...How do you know that? I thought it was kept secret?*" Your face soon turned nervous as you quickly told him your prepared answer.

"*I overheard it from Sir Vietnam and Sir Cuba, they were speaking*

rather loud, and I was curious." Russia groaned and shook his head, muttering.

"*They should keep their voice down at matters like this,*" then he looked at you, "*well, I won't blame you for it then.*" You nodded a bit, feeling eager to push your luck.

"*Why was it discarded? I-If you don't mind answering, that is.*" Russia sent you another suspicious look, before finally answering your question.

"*Hah... I suppose you are trustworthy enough, but if it turns out that you were a spy, I won't hesitate to kill you, got it? Anyway, there was a spy among the maids, she worked for Nazi Germany, and the details of that plan were given to him with ease, so we had to discard it.*" You only nodded at his statement, making a mental note to remember the information, before thanking him and going back to your room. When you were back in your room, you couldn't help but sigh, Russia surely was suspicious of you now, and you can't really blame him for that.

You were exhausted from all the walking you did that morning, so you decided to take a quick nap before seeking out Latvia, your next target.

It wasn't long before you woke up from your short but refreshing nap, and as soon as you do so, you immediately shot up and think about how you would be able to earn the Latvian country's trust. The first thing that came to your mind was food, and so you went to the kitchen.

When you finally stepped into the kitchen, you abruptly stopped in your tracks as you let out a groan, "*Ugh, I forgot that I knew nothing about her, guess it's time to interrogate Elizaveta then.*" With that, you set off to find the said female.

When you were done with the interrogation, it was already late noon, and you haven't eaten anything ever since breakfast. You made a mental note to yourself to cook a meal after making Latvia's favorite dessert.

.

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"*Oh, just great, I messed up again, how come? That recipe I got looked so easy!*" Groaning, you picked up the unedible dish and threw it away, preparing yourself for another try at making rye bread soup at the same time, however, your stomach rumbled lightly just when you were about to make a new batch of dough. Sighing, you let out an annoyed huff but decided to cook the most simple dish you could think of anyway. Since, after all, food is crucial for humans, and you were pretty sure you are one.

After having your simple dinner, you went to check the clock, and it seemed that luck wasn't in your favor that day, because, by the time you finished eating, it was already 10 pm, and surely, the young countries must've been put to sleep. You were also getting sleepy at that point, partly worn out from all the baking you were doing. But even so, you didn't want to go to sleep that early, and all the effort that was put into defrosting the ingredients would've been all a waste.

A debate happened between you and yourself, and it ended up with you making the bread dough and then going to sleep, just so your progress in defrosting milk, eggs and all that won't go to waste. The batter was perfect, you were just about to put them into some random container and go to sleep when Estonia walked straight into the kitchen. As she suppressed a yawn, her sleepy voice spoke up.

"*Is that bread dough I see? Were you making bread? Can I have some?*" You could only send her a pained smile and gesture for her to come to sit at the table while you whip up some rye bread. Surely, you weren't getting any sleep soon, but at least you'll grow closer to the kid version of Estonia by baking her bread.

You despised this quest, and that was final.

♡ ~ ⎯•✧•⎯ ~ ♡

Information and Quests

Love Interests unlocked: 27(+0)

Quest points: 0

Next quest milestone: 10 points

Routes unlocked: 0

The CHs' chat group

[image]

A/n: So... My motivation hasn't been around lately, and it certainly does not help that a bunch of schoolwork is being thrown my way lmao- But, I kinda figured I should give you all something to read while I continue to work on a new chapter, so here!

I hope you guys can guess who's who, I mean their names would be mentioned down there sooner or later- Have fun reading I guess??

These are not funny, I know it, my humor is incredibly broken

P.s: Couldn't add too many characters, I can't keep count, so...

♡ ~ ⎯•✧•⎯ ~ ♡

World leaders + others(WORK ONLY)

Your local pretty boi is online

Your local pretty boi

...

This gc has a boring name

Lemme change it

*Your local pretty boi has changed the group name to **2 Cool 4 School***

Your local pretty boi

That's more like it

Yo

Everyone

See my newest masterpiece

@All

@All

@All

I am NOT a communist and 12 other people are online

I am NOT a communist

What is it again you capitalist

Wait

Why is the gc name like that

Your local pretty boi

Its cool dude

I am NOT a communist

*It's

And I'm not your dude

The most normal Russian sibling

You can let it slide Rus

Not worth it

Best wingman

Yeah!!

Ignore him!

Your local pretty boi

HEY!

Wdym not worth it?

I am totally worth it!

Ame's personal apologizer

Ame, stop it pls

Don't start a fight

For world peace's sake

Charles won't bite!

Ngl it feels wrong talking about world peace w Ame

Your local pretty boi

EYOO LIL BRO

WDYM???

I am NOT a communist

You know full well what he means

Your local pretty boi

U DONT HAVE THE RIGHT TO TALK BOUT PEACE 'RUSKI'

I am NOT a communist

And you don't get to call me Ruski, United States of America

France is better than Italy

Geez

These 2 fight even when theyre texting

I can't go under the sun

Ye

Nothing new, rly

 # iwanttobeanuncle

Can't we all just get along???

Immune to insults

Wow

Can't believe these words are coming from the tsundere himself

Your attitude is exactly like Osana from Yansim

Except you're like that all the time

Levi Ackerman's waifu

BROTHER???

YK YANSIM???

Immune to insults

Duh

You think I'm uncultured?

I am a boy, thanks

Things are the same as ever I see

Immune to insults

Oh, good afternoon China

I am a boy, thanks

Good afternoon to you also, Japan

Continue, pls, don't mind me

I hate spiders

Come on, this isn't how we're supposed to act

Golden wings go BRR

FINALLY

The only message I feel the need to agree with

I am a boy, thanks

Oh shut up you two

Don't deny the fact you both want to watch the scene too

I hate spiders

...

Golden wings go BRR

I mean...

I can't go under the sun

Stop corrupting the ones that are responsible

The most normal Russian sibling

Fr

Ame's personal apologizer

Dw my friend

Or friends

I'll be sane for as long as I could

Best wingman

Uhh

Guys, dont you think that America and Rus has been REAL quiet??

France is better than Italy

Noticed that alr

Charles won't bite!

They're still online!

Lemme try tagging my brother first

@Your local pretty boi

@Your local pretty boi

@Your local pretty boi

I hate spiders

No use

Pretty sure they're fighting

Irl

Immune to insults

Congrats, you've actually got it right

(Imagine they're in a hallway-)

I hate spiders

...

I'd actually prefer that I got it wrong

Charles won't bite!

OH! They're at work??

Immune to insults

Yes

Charles won't bite!

Mkay!

Gotta go watch the fight now

It looks intense ngl

See u!!

Charles won't bite! has gone offline

Golden wings go BRR

...

Is he always like that?

Ame's personal apologizer

Yeah

France is better than Italy

Welp

Wish I could stay for longer

But the pastries are calling me!

France is better than Italy has gone offline

Immune to insults

I have work to do

Don't tag me

Immune to insults has gone offline

The most normal Russian sibling

So no one is going to wonder why Philippines was there filming Russia and America fighting?

I can't go under the sun

From the looks of itttt

No

The most normal Russian sibling

Fair

I have another question tho

I can't go under the sun

Go ahead kiddo

The most normal Russian sibling

We're on the same league

Best wingman

Actually

Romania's 114 years older than us

In human years, ofc

I can't go under the sun

See?

But what was your question

The most normal Russian sibling

Nvm

I got what I need alr

I can't go under the sun

Eh ok

Offline-ing now

Gotta prepare b4 going to work

Best wingman

But work is about to end???

I can't go under the sun

...

Are you forgetting smth?

Best wingman

I don't think so???

The most normal Russian sibling

Bela

He's a vampire

He works the night shift

Best wingman

OH

I can't go under the sun

...

Best wingman

Sorry!

I can't go under the sun

Even when I name myself THIS obvious

Someone still forgets

Do I need to name myself 'Vampire'?!

Ya know what?

Maybe I need to make UN host a meeting at night someday

So I can blast a bunch of vampire songs

THEN you all would remember

I can't go under the sun has gone offline

I am a boy, thanks

Interesting

Seems like he reached his limit

Gotta be careful now

I am a boy, thanks has gone offline

Ame's personal apologizer

You all have work to do, no?

Let's just all go offline before more drama happens

Golden wings go BRR

Agreed!

I hate spiders

^

Best wingman and 6 others have gone offline

.

.

Indo's and Malay's champ is online

Indo's and Malay's champ

EYO EVERBODY!!!

IVE GOT THE ENTIRE FOOTAGE OF RUSSIA AND AMERICA'S FIGHT!!

Eh?

Where's everyone??

And why is the gc named '2 cool 4 school'?

We don't even go to school-

ANYWAY!

If any of yall wants that footage just private chat me later!

Gotta run!

Indo and Malay's champ has gone offline

Your local pretty boi

Oh

I havent shut my pc down?

Eh

Its all Russia's fault

Your local pretty boi has gone offline

I am NOT a communist

...

Can't believe I made such a stupid mistake

I am NOT a communist has gone offline

15. First quest, completed!

[image]

A/n: Currently on my knees for China-

Ehem, you saw nothing. Translations are at the bottom btw

♡ ~ —•✧•— ~ ♡

This time, you were successful in baking rye bread, but it wasn't for the country you originally intended it to be, in fact, it was for Estonia, and she seemed to be *way* more mature than Latvia. "*I wonder if she'll be willing to ask about that strategy for me...*" You muttered as you cut the loaf of newly-cooked bread in half, one was for making rye bread soup in hopes that Latvia would be awake to eat it, the other was for Estonia. It took about 30 minutes to finish the bread soup before you approach the young country.

"*Hey, Estonia, is your sister Latvia awake?*" You asked, fully gaining the young female's attention. She quirked her eyebrow and looked at you, confused. After completely swallowing her bread, she spoke up.

"*Yeah, I think she is, I just saw her out in the hallway on my way here, why?*" Putting up your best act, you smiled and answered the confused kid.

"*I thought you won't be able to finish the entire bread loaf, so I made bread soup, Latvia likes those, doesn't she?*" Estonia only nodded while continuing to eat her bread, after a few seconds she spoke again.

"*Well, Latvi' should be up in our room...*" You muttered a small thanks and headed out of the kitchen, a bowl of bread soup staying firm in your hands.

Walking and climbing the stairs took a bit before you eventually reached Latvia's room. Your hand rose to knock on the wooden door, only for the said door to burst open unexpectedly. The sudden

door movement caused you to flinch and back away a bit. Quickly regaining your composure, you saw a sleepy Latvia widening her eyes at you.

"*...? Why are you here L/n...?*" Before you could speak, she had already pushed you out, mumbling lightly, "*Please go to sleep...*" And she closed the door, a 'click' sound quickly followed. Groaning, you walked away, muttering about how you chose that specific quest in a row of a bunch of quests.

Walking back down the corridor, you were shaking your head profusely as you travel back to your room when suddenly, a strong force pulled you into a room nearby as a hand went up to shush your mouth that was about to shout out loud.

A soft yet annoyed voice whispered close to your ear as the hand slowly got removed from your mouth, "Hey, shush, there's a traitor who's murdering everyone out there, surely you wouldn't want to be targeted?" Turning your head around, you were met with a younger and shorter-haired version of China, who, still looked like a female. But apart from those things, you were curious as to why he decided to save you, since North Korea had said that he will only show 'kindness' to those he deemed profitable. 'Maybe he's different in the past?' you thought while locking your eyes on his.

As for China, he looked at you for a minute, then smiled satisfyingly, "Eh?～ You're looking at me, do you like me? 那真甜～" You could only shake your head at his claim and turn your attention back to your current situation, you haven't obtained the discarded strategy, and there's a traitor-killer on the loose, were you going to die here? If you do die, would you be gone forever or do you get teleported back to the original timeline? A bunch of questions swarmed your mind as you gaze at the door, the risk you were taking was pretty high. China took notice of your wistful look, but he said nothing.

"You know, all jokes aside, I will protect you if that traitor targets you... After all, what good can I do for my country if I can't even keep an innocent person safe?" You did not budge, but at least he was genuine about keeping you safe. Then, a thought crossed your mind, carefully, you turn back to the Chinese and ask.

"Hey, what-what about Sir Soviet's siblings? Shouldn't you ensure their safety first?" China looked at you with a serious expression, and grabbed your hand, pulling you to a random bookshelf as he speaks.

"They're safe, and now that you mention them, I just remembered that there's a secret path to the underground base in this room, let's go." And with that, he pulled out a book as the shelf moved itself, revealing a secret tunnel, without a word, China pulled you along with him.

'I wonder why he pulled me along' You thought while the male in front of you dragged you left and right through what seemed like a very confusing underground system.

"Why'd you made me come along? I'm just a butler, I'm no use for fighting." China scoffed quietly.

"I did say I'll keep you safe, no? No use in taking back my words. But, Soviet also specifically requested me to get you to him somehow, so better do it now." You could only stay silent as you thought about the union and his weirdly specific request, 'What's with the everything-must-involve-me stuff? Oh wait, I'm the protagonist, great'

After what seemed like forever, the male finally stopped in front of a door, as he pushed it open, a bullet was sent flying straight to your face, it only left a scratch, gladly. "Aha... Stop shooting randomly, will you, Vietnam?" China sighed, "Shorties never learn..."

A moment of silence...

"E x c u s e m e ?" Spoke Vietnam, he was glaring at China, who only smirked back. Then, all it took for them to quit the nonsense was simply an intended cough from Soviet. Who then turned to you not so long after.

"*L/n, glad to see that you are safe, I hope you've brought the Nazis' strategy map as I asked you to?*" You stood and gazed at him for a good minute before muttering out a tiny '*When..?*' Which

successfully earned a sigh from the Soviet as he stepped closer to you and snatched a random notebook that apparently, was hidden inside your jacket.

"*Here it is, thanks for acting oblivious even if you're talking to me,*" USSR and the others went silent as they studied the map, "*You know, Russia said that you were interested in our discarded strategy, so I had Bel brought it along, he's in the other room, go get it if you want to, also, watch my siblings for me.*" You nodded at Soviet Union and waved goodbye to the others, which earned you a smile from China, a scoff from North Korea, a wave back from Vietnam and Cuba, and a slight nod from Russia, as for Soviet, he didn't even notice you waving.

And so you walked into the other room, greeted the young countries and finally obtained your quest's item, "*So all that work making bread for Latvia was useless...*" you mumbled bitterly as a 'ding' played in your head. With that, you became unconscious again.

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"嘿, you okay?" A familiar voice asked as you slowly but surely start to open your eyes. Right in front of you was China, bending down and looking at you, face straight. You gave him a subtle nod as you try to stand up, your head was hurting like hell, and your legs felt numb, so, you fell down. Lucky for you, the Chinese had quick reflexes and was kind enough to catch you from falling, "当心, you just banged your head to the floor during meeting an hour ago, I guess you haven't recovered." He then laid you down on a nearby sofa and left, leaving you alone with your thoughts.

'I can't believe I just finished that first quest, eh, time to sleep again, my head is spinning...' you thought.

♡ ~ —•✧•— ~ ♡

Translations:

那真甜: That's so sweet

嘿: Hey

当心: Be careful

Information and Quests

Love Interests unlocked: 27(+0)

Quest points: 1

Next quest milestone: 10 points

Routes unlocked: 0

16. A break? Hell yeah

[image]

P.s: This chapter is shorter than usual, but it's basically a demo of what's about to come aha- Also, take a look at Francia's beauty omg-

♡ ~ —•✧•— ~ ♡

You were sleeping on the couch peacefully, when a 'ding' noise was heard, groaning, you sat up and looked at your phone.

'Your prize for completing quest #1 is here! Click to check it out!'

"Huh, I forgot there was a reward-" Shaking your head at yourself, you clicked on the notification and a series of texts popped up on your screen. After taking a minute or two to look at it, you quirked your eyebrows and muttered, repeating the words all over your screen, "You won a new piece of information on Canada! The new info has been updated on Canada's profile, 1 Quest point collected, 9 more points to reach your next milestone." You stopped in your tracks as you quickly unlocked your phone and went to check Canada's profile. "...Hah? 'A new clue thread available'?" You questioned as you clicked on the notification, which led you to 2 lines of text that read:

1st info (learned):

'America has brother issues with Britain and Britain wants his oldest brother's privileges back, America does not approve of it because Britain was an unsupportive brother -> Conflict between the two -> America despises Britain.'

2nd info (earned):

'Canada sees it as his duty to hold his siblings together, Britain included -> He wants to help his two older brothers make it up to each other -> Doesn't know how to achieve his goal -> Helpless in

the conflict

Hypothesis = > If you help Canada with his problem:

*Pros: You'll earn his favor and his trust

*Cons: The quest is harder

Right at that moment, you stopped reading and blinked your eyes at the wall for a good minute, before saying out loud, "What do you mean the quest is harder??? I AIN'T DOING MORE QUESTS-" And with that said, you threw your phone to the side and laid back down on the sofa "Hah...I'm taking my break."

Hours passed, you were still lying on the couch and staring boringly at the ceiling when the door was opened softly, "Y/n?" A familiar voice caught your attention, turning around, you saw Amelia smiling at you, "Oh great! You're awake! We should leave, the night shift's going to start soon! You wouldn't want to work more, would you?" Nodding at the female, you stood up and left the building with your friend. On the way, you two spoke about your supposed enemy, Izabel, who hadn't been to work for a week, and Haoyu, who seemed to be doing something behind everyone's back all the time. 'Hm...suspicious...' You thought.

That night, you had a great sleep, or you were supposed to have a great sleep. Before you could fall into a deep slumber, your phone rang, and since the call could be work-related, you groaned and picked up.

"Hello? This is Y/n L/n? How may I help you?"

"Y/NNN!!! THIS IS ROMANIA HERE! COME TO THE BUILDING, YOU WON'T BELIEVE WHAT I JUST FOUND!"

"Hah?? Sir Romania? But why do you need my assist-"

'So he hanged up on me?' You thought, shaking your head, you climbed off the bed and started to get changed.

.

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"So... Why did you need me, Sir?" You asked the vampire in front of you, who was smiling proudly at himself and hadn't uttered a word about why he called you.

"So! I found a recipe! And I need your help to put them in the water container tomorrow morning!" You blinked your eyes at the male and stayed silent.

"Please? I'll give you a week off?"

"Deal."

♡ ~ ⎯•✧•⎯ ~ ♡

Information and Quests

Love Interests unlocked: 27(+0)

Quest points: 1

Next quest milestone: 10 points

Routes unlocked: 0

Random scenarios

A/n: Several ideas I had when doing whatever, thought that I would share them with you guys

~~With and without love interests~~

♡ ~ —•✧•— ~ ♡

•Watching a horror movie with the English siblings•

If you somehow convinced the English siblings to watch a horror movie with you, then congrats, you'll have a horrified New Zealand clinging onto you and an annoying Australia who keeps asking questions and talking about things and stuff in the film. And then there's America, who's too terrified by everything in the movie that he kept making up excuses to go elsewhere. At least Canada is calm about it.

Australia: Why are they splitting up? That's kinda dumb- Wait why are they even scared of that spider? It's not even poisonous!!

America: Oh hey~ I just got back from the kitchen with the water bottles, anyone wants so-

The movie: *jumpscares*

New Zealand: AH! *hides her face behind a pillow while still clinging to you*

America: AHH- I mean, anyone wants some Mcdonald's? I'll just go buy some right now-

Canada: *laughing*

•Wreaking havoc with Romania•

Before you came along, Bulgaria was the vampire's partner in crime, she was later dumped back at her country, so he was forced to stay

low for a while, so be prepared for when he finally has you as his new partner. Every single idea he has will be immediately done every moment you and he are together. Tampering with the kitchen's ingredients, messing with the lights, calling a country to tell them that they're required in that night's meeting even if they're not,... Heck, you two even rickrolled UN once-

You: So, how does this whole thing works anyway?

Romania: Before every meeting, UN is definitely going to recheck his laptop, and I've already had the video ready! As soon as he opens his dear laptop, 'Never Gonna Give You Up' will play!

You: Why not just put another video in his presentation so while everyone is concentrating, they all get rickrolled??

Romania: ...Great idea, let's do that too!

You: Alright, let's get to work!

Romania: Before I forget, film their reactions for me!

•Doing work with the organizations•

There's only one word to describe how doing work, especially paperwork with the organizations would be like, boring. Well, how else? They're not similar to the countries, they can't be found slacking off, in other words, they are role models. Yet again, you could also sometimes find ASEAN sighing because of how many times he had to ensure his countries' relations with other Asian countries after a dumb thing they did, and how he would mumble about why can't Philippines, Indonesia and Malaysia be more mature and low-key like Singapore and Brunei. And then there's EU who would always complain about how his countries never make enough money or how winter was coming and the energy crisis was about to come. UN, of course, just sat there listening to everything while doing his work.

ASEAN: ...More papers about China and Vietnam's relations? Expected...

EU: Poland, no. Italy, no. Romania, no... No one makes enough

money in here, ugh...

ASEAN: It's always those three, they will behave they say, won't cause trouble they say, and yet it's always them every time...

EU: It's almost winter already? Tsk, less money I suppose...

ASEAN: Why can't everyone be like Brunei and Singapore...? What did I do to deserve this...

UN: *laughing quietly*

17. Another victim

[image]

A/n: That is my depiction of how Zente looks like, creds: yours truly;)

Idk if ya'll really see the drawing but like, if you do, gimme feedback pls-

♡ ~ ⎯•✧•⎯ ~ ♡

Turns out that what Romania made and had you put into the water container was a genderbending potion of sorts.

After you've had your lovely break from work, loads of paperwork were waiting for you in your office, piles upon piles. Just by the looks of them alone, you could tell that your work isn't going to be even the tiniest bit relaxing. However, one of the few human friends you have in this world, Zente Elrod, felt generous and decided that he would help you since he had all of his done. The boy was good company, he listens to you whenever you talk and stays quiet when necessary, sometimes, he would throw in a joke or two while you both worked.

But you should've known better than asking him to sort out a drawer that you, placed some of your discoveries about the game, that alone was enough to expose you, so why did you do that? It wasn't very long until he saw those notes and questioned you.

"...Y/n? What are those?" Zente said, handing some neatly printed files to you. As you read the documents, your jaw dropped in horror, you were exposed, is he going to think that you're crazy?

"Aha, don't mind them! They're nothing significant!" Pushing the papers aside, you faked a smile, fully knowing that it wasn't very convincing to the male sharply gazing at you at that moment.

"You really should learn how to lie, it'll do you a favor." He said

casually, eyes flickering to your notes. "Tell me, are you from another world?" You only stayed silent, watching the male's every movement and analyzing them. "Eh... would you be more relaxed if I tell you..." Zente paused for a moment, before turning his gaze back to you, flashing you a charming smile, "that I am also from another world?" Your eyes widened, not expecting what he had just revealed.

"Really?!" You excitedly ask, seems like you weren't alone, after all. The boy kept his smile and nodded before his expression turned thoughtful.

"Yeah, I volunteered to be a beta tester, after that day I woke up in this world, already EU's assistant. I am guessing since you were a note-writer, the game got released?" You nodded at the boy's remarks, his amber eyes made eye contact with you as he spoke, tone more serious this time. "Tell me every aspect of the game that you know of, I need info, since my knowledge on it is probably outdated."

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.

After Zente's knowledge of the game was updated, he kept complaining about how many countries you get to meet, counting the ones in quests. You only looked at him in disapproval, clearly, this guy knows nothing about how annoying quests are, even if you had finished just one of them.

"Anyway, you said you can do quests, no? How many have you done? What are the quests' objectives? I might be of help for your future quests, since the game was reset quite an amount of times for me, and I'm sure my knowledge of the countries can be of help." Zen said, his voice filled with sincerity.

"Wait, the game can reset?!" You asked, turns out you had many chances to come back to your world after all.

'But do you really want to?' A voice in the back of your head doubted, leaving you dumbfounded with a new question for

yourself. It didn't take long for Zente to notice your zoned-out state as he waved his hand in front of you.

"Y/n? You good?" Snapping out of your thoughts at the sound of your name, you nodded and turned to look at your friend. "Anyway, yeah, the game could reset, it'll take quite some time for it to do so, though. Plus, there are... unsettling... things on certain secret routes, so it's best if you manage to win on the first try."

You looked at the male, tilting your head to a side, and were about to question what unsettling things he meant, that was when a familiar voice rang from the hallways.

"Elrod, you wanted to ditch your duties to go and talk about games with L/n? How irresponsible... And Mx. L/n, I'll appreciate it if you would stop tempting my diligent assistant in such trivial matters." EU was there, leaning against your office's door, his expression sour and annoyed as always. His perfect face seemed to be more pretty, somehow. Yet, even if he was the last on Earth, you would never date him, never! The guy just gets on your nerves.

Zente only smiled apologetically at his boss and gestured for you to continue to work.

You couldn't keep track of the time, and if it weren't for Zente, you wouldn't have known your shift has already ended. The male was quick to help you sort out the remaining paperwork and gather his stuff, maybe it was a skill he learned from working with EU? Who knows, but he soon bid his farewells and left with Amelia, those two were sure very close...

But his last words to you before he left had you thinking, hard.

"You know, Y/n. One of the things I learned from playing the game too many times is that, if you can't get EU to genuinely like you and not become sour whenever he talks to you, then a bad ending is guaranteed for you. So, do your best Y/n, try to befriend EU before Izabel does, trust me, if she does, it won't be pretty."

♡ ~ ⎯•✧•⎯ ~ ♡

Information and Quests

Love Interests unlocked: 27(+0)

Quest points: 1

Next quest milestone: 10 points

Routes unlocked: 0

♡ Special chapter ♡

Pov: The day the genderbending potion was placed into the water container (by you)

A little bit of lore in Estonia's scene, but nothing too serious

Also, the reason why England was Britain's and America's mother was that, yk, Great Britain was formed because of the Treaty of Union between Kingdom of England and Kingdom of Scotland, so yeh (Scotland is the father if u hadn't figured it out-)

♡ ~ —•✧•— ~ ♡

You came to work early that day, with Romania's potion in your backpack, obviously you were afraid of being caught, imagine what EU would have to say about you if he saw you. But your vampire friend would bail you out, wouldn't he? He should, but that matter aside, you got through the main door with no questions from Amelia-your friend, and the receptionist.

"Today's meeting will be in room no.9... Where was the room..." Muttering lightly, you strolled quickly through the halls, not wanting to meet any of the countries or organizations, scared that your worried expression might give you away.

Gladly, you made it to the correct room without bumping into any of your bosses, which was a great relief. After you successfully poured the mix in, you escaped the place as fast as you could and went out to grab breakfast, encountering Amelia on the way, she only nodded at you, and you mentally thanked her for that.

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The meeting went on like usual, except for Romania playing 'Never Gonna Give You Up' in the virtual meeting and cackling hard at it.

But other than that, everything was normal, the chaos only started once the meeting was over, and everyone had grabbed a cup of water while heading back to their office. You of course bought a bottle of water for yourself, not wanting to do anything with Romania's potion.

Not long after, Britain rushed out from the European department and ran to UN, who was talking to you about raising your salary. Britain, once a short-haired guy, was now a gorgeous long-haired lady, still as fancy as ever.

[image]

UN promised that he'll try to find a way to reverse the thing, excusing himself back to his office. When UN's back turned, Britain switched her attention to you and spoke, slightly panicking.

"D-Don't say any of this to my siblings... Especially America, he's... extreme about these th-" Britain didn't have the chance to finish her sentence when the one she was talking about showed up. Surprisingly, Ame wasn't gender-bended, like you thought he would, perhaps he didn't have any water?

"Yo! Has any of you seen 'Nada? I need to find him- BAHAHAHA IS THAT YOU BRITAIN?? YOU LOOK LIKE ENGLAND, minus the flag of course- BUT YOU LOOK JUST LIKE HER-"

America wasn't gender-bended like you had thought, but he was surely having the laugh of his life, you were about to smile at the two, that was until you saw Great Britain.

"Do NOT, compare me to our mother, under any circumstances. We are not! Alike!" Britain was fuming, her grip on the books that she was carrying tightened and her eyes darkened dangerously. America was clueless as he kept on laughing while holding his stomach. While you still could, you backed away from the two and left the scene, wondering what could happen to America since, from the incident between China and North Korea at the reunion party whatsoever, you've learned that some countries when raged aren't precisely... friendly.

Once you left the corridor, a scream echoed, which you guessed was America's, "Serves him right," you bitterly muttered, still remembering how the male teased you during your first meeting.

'It is nearly lunchtime,' you thought while strolling down the empty halls of your work building. The skyscraper was sure very huge with different sections and all, yet most of the place was empty. You were informed by Amelia that most African and Middle East countries as well as other less well-known countries hardly ever comes out of their section, and had already specifically asked UN to let them attend important meetings virtually, even if they were present in the building. You didn't know the reason, but you guessed that perhaps it was because of racism, maybe...

As you take a turn, you immediately bumped into a certain Baltic country, the one that has blue silky hair, the one that irritated you the most during your first quest at USSR's home, Estonia. If you were being honest, grown-up Estonia, the one with glasses, is far more tolerable than her child version. And not going to lie, male Estonia is also very pretty.

[image]

"Oh! Erm...nice seeing you here! I was about to go look for you, I have some questions that you should have an answer to! Wait... were you in a hurry?! If so, I'm sorry!" The male's face switched from surprised, to happy and quickly turned into apologetic. His expressions were both cute and amusing to watch, at least that was what you thought. "A-Anyway," Estonia cleared his throat before continuing, "I'm assuming you're free right now since you're not brushing me off and walking away like most did- Ah, I meant, since you're probably not occupied right now, and I have things I need to talk to you about, so I have an idea to propose, we can have lunch together, my treat of course! So what do you say?" Deciding it wasn't in your place to decline, you reluctantly agreed, which earned a delightful beam from the male, he sure didn't lose the enthusiasm he had in his childhood.

The male chose a random coffee shop from the opposite side of the street and just settled with it. After you both had ordered, Estonia nervously asked his questions.

"So... you should know that some kind of gender-bending substance is loose in the building, right?"

"Yeah, I could tell, Lady, or erm... Sir Estonia..." You answered, unsure which term you should refer to the male with.

"Just... call me Estonia haha- I don't really mind it!" Estonia spoke, his lips forming a gentle yet timid smile. You only nodded in return. As the air gets more and more awkward, the male spoke up again. "Well, let's get straight to the point, do you think this entire chaos is the result of Romania's mischiefs?" Estonia stopped to take a sip of his drink, "Since you're close to him and all..." His voice trailed off as he tasted his milkshake, quietly, he murmured, "This taste just like what USSR used to make..." You gulped your drink nervously at the mention of USSR, does he remember that one butler that used to made bread for him right before an attack? It was you, after all, so if he remembered, you would become quite suspicious, to him, of course. "Speaking of USSR..."

"Here it comes..." You muttered quietly.

"You look a lot like a certain someone I knew during his reign, not to mention you both have the same name, huh, weird right?" Estonia laughed lightly, then repeated his original question which was a relief for you.

After what felt like a light-hearted investigation from the Estonian male, you strolled back to the building, of course with Estonia walking next to you and rambling passionately about whatever, seemed like you just made a new friend. Once you both arrived, he waved you goodbye and left for the European department, and you do not wish to go there, since EU was still a pain to face for you, so you took a turn to the Asian department.

Did you expect a broom to be thrown at your face the moment you open the door to the Asian department? Yes, yes you did, anything's possible inside the Asian department, especially with the ASEAN ones. Much to your surprise, it wasn't Laos that rushed toward you to say sorry, it was Vietnam, maybe not very surprised, but much like the first time you met him, or her, since apparently, Vietnam also drank the water.

[image]

"Ah! Again?! I'm so sorry Y/n! I did not mean to throw it at you! Blame that stupid Chinese over there! He, or she, called me short! Again! So... forgive me? Please? I didn't mean it after all." Her expression turned into a mix of plea and apologetic. The female looked lovely, 'Short hair really did her justice,' you thought.

"Eh?~ I was just stating the truth~ Even when I'm shorter in my female form and your height stayed the same, you're still shorter than I am~" Now that voice, you knew exactly who that voice belonged to, a smirking China, except that he was now a 'she'.

[image]

The Chs' chat group 2

2 Cool 4 School

Your local pretty boi is online

Yo ur local pretty boi

The organizations r never onl, wonder if they even know how to chat on a gc-

@All

What do yall think????

Germany and 2 others are online

Germany

Why is it always you who strikes up a conversation that is very likely to get you into trouble 5 seconds later?

Your local pretty boi

Oh shaddup 'Germs' ur not qualified to join this convo

Germany

...

Why Germs?

Your local pretty boi

Dats wut our note writer calls u, isnt it?

Germs?

Many bacterias?

Germany

...

Germany is now offline

Your local pretty boi

Oh wow

Offended much???

Banh Mi and sandwich are different

Anyone would

So yeah, no surprises

Your local pretty boi

Vietnam???

Ur onl???

Weird

Oh wait

Nothings normal these days lol

Money money money is online

Money money money

Where's UN?

He should know that a certain North American is calling us stupid

White wings and a halo

I am always here EU, observe is the key to success

Or in this case,

The key to know who's been talking behind your back

Your local pretty boi

You saw it all??

Everything??

Since the beginning??

White wings and a halo

Yes, fortunately, everything

Your local pretty boi

Uhh...

Lots of paperwork to do rn

Ciao

Your local pretty boi is now offline

Money money money

Hmph

What a coward

White wings and a halo

Mind your manners EU

Money money money

Yes of course

My bad

White wings and a halo

We have a meeting in 10 minutes

We should start preparing for it right now

Money money money

Alright

Money money money and White wings and a halo are now offline

Banh Mi and sandwich are different

Alone in the gc now, I guess

Phil's and Malay's bud

Nahh

Your great Indonesia is here!

I just set my status to offline

Sooo

Its almost lunch Viet!

Banh Mi and sandwich are different

Yeah?

What about it?

Phil's and Malay's bud

You have any plans for lunch yet??

Cuz me and the other ASEAN countries are planning to have lunch together!

We were about to ask you too!

Banh Mi and sandwich are different

Really?

Even 'Nei and Singa?

And Myan and Cam?

Phil's and M alay's bud

Yup!

Everyone of them!

Banh Mi and sandwich are different

I'd love to join!

It's not like the parents of the group would join us every time haha-

Oh wait, I don't think I can come

I promised to have lunch with Y/n together to talk about various stuff

Phil's and Malay's bud

Oh, that's easy!!

Bring Y/n with you!

The others won't complain

Especially Nei lol

The parents would even THANK you for bringing Y/n

Banh Mi and sandwich are different

Oh, fair enough

They never complain when another rational joins them don't they

I can't go under the sun is online

I can't go under the sun

Heyy everybody

...

How can my partner in crime be the parent of your group???

Banh Mi and sandwich are different

How are we supposed to know???

Maybe Y/n's bipolar?

I can't go under the sun

Poland would be pleased to hear that lmao

He'll be like: oh hey there fellow bipolar person, we r alike

Where's Indonesia?

Banh Mi and sandwich are different

Idk, maybe he's offline fr this time

Who knows

I can't go under the sun

Fairrr

Gtg offline now

C u all later!

Oh and b4 I forget

U, Laos and the Maphilido gang should work the night shift and join me in creating chaos one day

We can be unstoppable!

Banh Mi and sandwich are different

Haha, that sounds nice

But yeah, I'll see you later

Banh Mi and sandwich are different and I can't go under the sun are now offline

♡ Valentine's Special ♡

A/n: Since we talked about Amelia and Zente, here have her design!

[image]

(Zente's design is already posted in chapter 17)

This includes several love interests

The next chapter should be posted tonight or earlier tomorrow, btw:D

♡ ~ -----•✧•----- ~ ♡

You were walking around the building, doing your daily work. It was just another regular day, nothing special. Or at least, that was what you thought.

"Something's fishy..." You muttered as you watch Amelia gave Zente chocolates and a sunflower bouquet.

Talking about Amelia, she was blushing furiously, and Zente was no better. It was safe to assume they confessed to each other, you were glad for them, but it made you feel lonely nonetheless. Shrugging the feeling off, you walked away and gave them personal space.

"Heyyyyy, nice seeing you here haha! *I definitely didn't look for you for hours*-" Kazakhstan said cheerfully as if he didn't just almost bump into you. "Ahem, I mean, these are for you!" The winged country smiled brightly as he hands you a heart-shaped chocolate box, before you could answer, he kept talking. "I spotted those while flying around the city, they looked pretty yummy, so I bought those for ya to try!"

"Uh... Thanks! Would you want to share 'em with me?" Kazakhstan only shook his head and ran away, making you almost miss the pink blush spreading across his cheeks. "...Weird"

Shrugging Kazakhstan's behavior off, you casually unbox the chocolates and savor the delicious taste, that was until another country approached you.

"L/n-san, it's good to see you, I wanted to give these to you," Japan said in his usual indifferent voice, yet you swore you saw his lips curved upwards a little.

Japan took out a small package from his backpack and handed it to you. Before leaving, he added, "Open it somewhere private, please. I'd appreciate it."

Nodding to the male's request, you quickly traveled to your office to open the paper bag. The very moment you sat down on the wooden table, someone knocked on your door.

"Come in!"

The door opened, revealing a smiling United Nations, his snow white wings were folded neatly behind his back in order to appear more professional. Within seconds, the greatest figure of authority in the building was in front of you, placing down several files. "EU asked me to give these to you in person, so here." You nodded and thanked the organization, he just smiled and handed you an envelope.

After he left, you stuck to your plan and opened Japan's package, it was full of Japanese sweets and snacks, most were chocolates or chocolate-flavored. "Hm, free chocolate, wouldn't complain. I gotta remind myself to thank Jap later."

Putting Japan's gift into a drawer, you then turned to eye UN's envelope, which you guessed was your salary, but it looked thicker than usual, which was kind of weird.

Tearing the envelope open, you gasped lightly as you realized it was expensive chocolates. *Very* expensive chocolate, even.

"...It has my name on the envelope, so it was actually meant for me... Well, I wouldn't deny free food," you shrugged, "Gotta thank him later, I suppose." Placing the chocolates away, you decided it

was time to work.

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"Kitten~ Are ya in here?" A certain American voice spoke up from outside the door. Without waiting for your reply, America barged in and shoved a rose bouquet in your face. "Tada~ For you!"

You reluctantly smiled and accept the bouquet, he was *still* your boss, after all. "Thank you, Ame. I appreciate it."

"Of course! Anything for ya kitten~" America smiled and left as abruptly as he came in.

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It was lunchtime, so you packed up your things and went to join the ASEAN countries for lunch, they invited you, after all.

Just after you entered the small pet cafe they were sitting at, you were met with a beaming Indonesia holding a beautiful moon orchid bouquet. "This is for you! If you hadn't known, those are my national flowers! They have really... nice meanings." Indonesia blushed lightly.

"Indo, you're too impatient... Oh! Hello Y/n! Come inside!" Brunei smiled brightly at you. Nodding, you accept Indonesia's bouquet and followed the two countries inside.

"Glad to see you came! I have a present for you!" Laos smiled shyly as he handed you a small bouquet of Champa flowers. "I hope you could find joy in life, much like those flowers' meanings!"

Before you could thank the country, another bouquet was given to you by Vietnam, this time, they were lotus flowers. "I thought they resembled you, please accept it."

"Stop being in my way, come on!" Philippines exclaimed as he

pushed his friends away. "Here! Those Arabian Jasmine flowers would suit you perfectly!" He blushed lightly and grinned at you.

The next to talk to you was Brunei, his tone apologetic. "I didn't know what you'd like, so feel free to have anything on the menu and I'll pay for your meal, is that alright?" You happily agreed to the offer, since free food is the best food, everyone knows that.

After the meal, Myanmar and Cambodia both approached you quietly and handed you chocolates and sweets. Malaysia gave you free milo. Thailand handed you a gold bracelet and Singapore gifted you a potted plant.

"I am getting too many presents today..." You mumbled.

Returning back to the work building, you bumped right into Russia, who smiled and approached you.

"Good to see you here, has your day been great so far?" Spoke Russia.

"Uh, yeah, nothing terrible happened to me today, how about you?"

"I'm fine. Before I forget... those are for you. They're vodka chocolates, you can eat those, right?" He smiled softly, "I originally intended to gift you vodka, but there's a chance you can't or don't like alcohol, so I bought you these instead."

"Oh, thank you! I'll make sure to savor the taste!" You smiled back at him, wanting to try out vodka chocolates for a while.

"I'm glad you liked it. Say, would you go out with me sometime soon?" Russia crossed his arms and looked away timidly. "There's this new cafe nearby that I wanted to try out with you..."

"Oh, of course! I'd love to! We can go whenever you're free!" Russia only smiled and nodded at you in response.

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While walking around the building, doing whatever because you've done all the paperwork already, you met Switzerland.

"Oh! Nice to see you Y/n! Would you like Swiss chocolates? I've just got back from my country!" Switzerland beamed. "Here's a little secret, they're made from my *top-secret* recipe!" You graciously accepted his chocolates and popped one in your mouth immediately, Switzerland's chocolates are always flawless.

"Mhm... They taste really nice, thank you!" The male in front of you grinned at your compliment.

"Glad you liked it! I gotta go now though. Auf Wiedersehen!" Switzerland quickly waved and left, leaving you to eat the delicious chocolates on your own.

While busy eating Swiss chocolates and vodka chocolates, Belarus, the male one, and France both approached you at the same time.

"Y/n, I'm glad I bumped into you. Here, I didn't know what you'd like so, please, go buy yourself something nice with these." Bel handed you a small envelope and blushed from embarrassment. You smiled and thanked the Belarussian, he slipped away quickly after that.

France fake coughed quietly before he spoke. "Francia told me you might like those... So please accept it." He blushed lightly and looked away while handing you a gorgeous white rose bouquet. "I thought it kind of symbolizes you..."

"Thank you! I appreciate it a lot France!" You grinned and accepted his gift, making a mental note to search for what white roses symbolize later. France smiled handsomely and left.

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"Oh... It's Valentine's today, so that's why I've been receiving gifts..." You muttered quietly as you checked the calendar.

"Wait, it's Valentine's-"

18. 1774, Great Britain

[image]

A/n: I know in this period Canada was a French colony but pls bare with me:)

Woohoo! Guess who had officially started writing again! Enjoy this 4.4k words chapter-

Oh and I hope you liked the Valentine's special!

♡ ~ -----•✧•----- ~ ♡

It wasn't long until you decided that maybe doing another quest wasn't very bad, perhaps because you just figured out now that you weren't alone in this game? Perhaps, you didn't know the reason behind your change of mind.

Nevertheless, Zente convinced you to do another quest, which you reluctantly agreed to, with a lot of reasons from the male, of course. After a bit of discussion, you both came to a mutual argument, maybe it'll be best for you to do a Thirteen Colonies-related quest since your information source-Zente claimed that it should be the most normal, which you doubted, but you're just going to have to wait and see.

"Alright, so is this one okay? It's Thirteen Colonies-related!" You asked, turning over to Zente who was writing down some timetable and notes for his boss.

"Hm? Please read it out loud for me." He said, hands still scribbling a bunch of cursive words.

"There's only one objective, it's to win Thirteen Colonies' trust. I think it's fairly easy... But it's rated 'Medium' on the app." You said, eyes flickering to the male to see his reaction. Zente only nodded

his head in consideration.

"It should be okay, won't lead to possible deaths, I suppose. Mainly, depending on the era, it's usually past Britain who's the problem, you should proceed." You listened. Like the last quest, you were knocked unconscious after a minute.

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This time, you woke up in a large, beautiful room, dressed in typical British night clothes. There were no letters from the system this time, and you still had your phone with you. Talking of the phone, you picked it up from the table next to you and read the quest's info.

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Quest

Objective 1: Gain Thirteen Colonies' trust

Information

Settings: Year 1774, 1 year before the American Revolution

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'...This quest provides less information than the last, I wonder why.' You thought, walking to a nearby closet to open it. To your demise, it only had some excessive and uncomfortably-looking Georgian-era clothing. Sighing, you put them on and dealt with it. Walking out of the room, you were met with a young Canada, supposedly still a colony. He smiled at you and greeted you, "Good morning! My oldest brother is looking for you! He's in his room."

Past Canada-British North America, or B.N.A for short, watched as you smiled nervously, but instead of walking away since he's done his job, the redhead grabbed your hands and grinned innocently, "I can take you there! You must be dizzy, yesterday you were running around quite a lot!" You happily agreed to the ordeal. USSR's siblings were annoying, but why was Britain's so likable? Meh, you're not complaining.

During your walk, you noticed many maids and butlers who walked past you both would always stop to bow at B.N.A and you, which made you believe you weren't just a random maid or butler. Before being able to think further, North America had already stopped and beamed at you. "We're here! I'll be going now!" You only nod.

After past Canada left, you took a deep breath and knocked on the wooden door, earning a small 'Come in' from past Britain. Pushing the door open, you carefully spoke up. "You called for me, your Highness?" Britain was sitting stiffly in a chair, his hands resting on the wooden desk. The clothes the empire wore looked slightly the same as the modern British army uniforms, except for a few key details and the fact that it was *blue*. You were so busy observing the past country that you didn't notice the said country speaking to you.

"Ah, yes indeed, I have a few *problems,* mostly about the colonies, that I wish to discuss. Though of course, bringing such a minor problem to a Royal Council meeting may be extravagant, that's why I asked Canada to retrieve you. Surely, as Head of the Royal Council at such an early age, you must have some knowledge to spare, no?" Britain questioned in a matter-of-fact, somewhat snarky tone if you listened closely.

'So Head of the Royal Council... That's why gaining Thirteen Colonies' trust would be hard...' You thought, keeping your poker face while still keeping eye contact with the Empire.

"What might the problems be, your Highness? I will assist you to the best of my abilities." Britain forced a smile before outright glaring at you.

"I expect *only* the best."

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It was a long talk about politics, you weren't exactly sure whether you liked it or not. To the best of your abilities, you tried to give Britain advice that would help keep history the same as before, the said country didn't react much to your suggestions, only nodding

and letting out hums to show that he was still listening. Later on, he specifically ordered you to go to the city and do a few errands for him, most of them were having talks with the higher ranks of the city about taxes. You were sure he could've just written a letter and asked a maid to deliver it but you're not going to question the country as he could chop your head off at any given moment.

You only hoped it wouldn't take too long for you to finish the errands, as you have information to collect.

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The errands took about half of your day to finish and drained most of your energy. When you got back, it was almost midnight. While walking back to Britain's room to report, you walked passed Thirteen Colonies' room, which wasn't a strange thing, if not for a heated argument that was taking place inside it, with your growing curiosity, you couldn't help yourself but took a peak.

"Calm yourself, Thirteen Colonies, or I will have to do something I might regret." Britain, or British Empire spoke in a dangerously low voice.

"NO! Why should I?! You had a war that had *you* in debt! And then you take money from *my* people in the form of taxes! For the *stupidest* things! Were you that *desperate* for money?! And then what did you do when the 'colonists', as you call them, protested? You killed them for god's sake!!" The young Thirteen Colonies shouted back, clearly raging at British Empire's actions upon his people.

"They did stupid things, and so my soldiers gave them a lesson, and let me inform you, I had nothing to do with the *'tragedy'* in Boston, it was all my people's doing." The empire said, his tone emphasized the word tragedy, obviously being sarcastic about it.

"People died, *brother*! How could you be so heartless! And don't you dare tell me that it wasn't *you* who planted the idea that the 'colonists' aren't worthy of living!"

"People die all the time, Thirteen Colonies! There are too many humans on this planet that their existence isn't even significant. *That*, is something you should learn. Keep complaining about minor things, and I *will* have my army create a massacre in your land for real."

The young colony was silent. His eyes were starting to tear up.

"Be grateful that you are of value to me. If not for me, I am pretty sure you would've never achieved such technology and greatness." British Empire stated, turning his back to his young brother and stepped towards the door.

"You never saw me as a brother, instead I was just a tool to you, aren't I? Is it the same for the others, or is it just me?" Thirteen Colonies clenched his fists as his tears rolled down his cheeks.

The empire stopped almost immediately in his tracks, but stayed quiet.

"You never truly loved me, did you..."

"...Bold of you to assume I ever loved you, let alone the 'truly loved' part." With a cold expression like always, he twisted the doorknob and walked out. Thankfully, you already managed to hide behind a wall nearby.

As British Empire closed the door, he rolled his eyes, an irritated look painted on his handsome features.

As soon as the empire walked away, Thirteen Colonies' spoke up lightly.

"I shouldn't have hoped, I suppose..." You hear faint sobs from the colony, "It was painfully obvious... I hate you British Empire! Like I should've from the beginning!" You frowned a bit as you thought about Thirteen Colonies. "I will show you one day that I am *fully* capable of achieving high technology *and* greatness on my own!"

'At least he achieved his dream...'

"That's why the Revolution *has* to succeed. I would build a country

of my own! A country of freedom! Of peace! A safe haven for my people!" Thirteen Colonies exclaimed. He kept ranting, *dreaming* about his soon-to-be 'bright' future, unknowing that you had listened from the very beginning.

"I can't wait for my people to be ready for the Revolution!"

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You couldn't sleep that night, mainly because you want to finish your quest as quickly as possible. Deciding that you might think of a plan in a more appropriate setting, you got up, changed your clothes, and headed for the palace's garden. To your surprise, you weren't the only one that went to the garden at midnight.

"I wonder why would French Empire send a letter to me..." A familiar voice could be heard somewhere in the deeper parts of the garden. "...Help for the Revolution? That intrigued me..."

Young America kept talking to himself after that, when you finished processing, you decide that it wasn't nice to be caught eavesdropping, even if it landed you a date with Russia the last time you did. "...Uh, yeah, I'm gonna go..." Muttering to yourself, you turned around and walked away. Unfortunately, you tripped on a rock and fell, creating a loud 'thud' in the gardens. You groaned lightly, mentally cursing yourself for being careless.

Not long after, Thirteen Colonies was already in front of you, his sword near your throat. Carefully, he spoke, voice laced with distrust.

"...Aren't you the head of the Royal Council? *British Empire's right-hand man*?!" The colony outright glared at you once he noticed who you were, which certainly wasn't helping your growing anxiety. "How much have you heard? *What* have you heard?!" You gulped, trying to clear your head to get out of the situation alive.

"...I am, but it's only because I need to feed my family! I am not loyal to him, at all." Not the best excuse, but it seemed to be an

almost neutral answer, at least that was what it appeared to you.

Thirteen Colonies looked deep in thought hearing your answer, though his sword remained near your throat.

"Help me, then."

You stayed silent, unsure of what to say.

"Join me in my revolution, and I will ensure you an abundant life once I succeed."

His sword remained where it was, not moving an inch.

"Join me, or I will make sure your head falls right here, right now."

Anyone who values their life would agree to his offer, and of course, you valued yours. "...I will join you."

Thirteen Colonies finally lowered the sword, his eyes still filled with doubt when looking at you. After a long period of just staring at each other, he spoke up.

"I thought so as well, just know that this doesn't mean I've trusted you."

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After that night, Thirteen Colonies would always make you tell him what kind of stuff Britain was up to and what he usually brought up at Council meetings. You, not wishing to be unalived by the colony, told him everything you knew whenever he asked.

Soon, he made you do more *tasks* rather than just informing him about things. First, it was about sneaking the Empire's paperwork out of his office and bringing them to him. Then, it was about using your position to get your hands on things like the palace's defense system or the soldier's shifts. It was easy for you, saying 'They were orders from the king' and phrases like that and you could easily access those stuff, hence why he made *you* do it.

"You know the guards are spreading the rumor that you want to overthrow Britain, did you know that?" You were just doing paperwork when Thirteen Colonies popped out of nowhere and asked you a random question, his face held a glint of curiosity.

"I didn't, sir." You stated truthfully, not forgetting about the formalities. "Why were there even such rumors? Did you know?"

"Hm... I believe it's because you were using your position to do tasks for me. And before I forget, drop the formalities, please. It sounds weird when you're addressing me 'sir'." The colony casually answered your question following with a plea of his own. He was acting too friendly to someone whom he just threatened to kill not so long before, at least you thought so.

"Do you think British Empire would be suspicious of me, then?" You questioned the colony, turning your head to look at him.

Thirteen Colonies looked deep in thought for a moment but shrugged and answered your question. "He wouldn't, he pretty much believes that none of you would be brave enough to *actually* overthrow him. Stupid guy, really." You only nodded in response. "Meh, I only came to ask, I'll be going, just know that I still haven't trusted you!" With that, he just walked away.

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It has been officially a week since you started the quest, and you didn't manage to win Thirteen Colonies' trust, yet you did befriend his younger brother. At the time, Australia and New Zealand weren't colonized yet, so you didn't meet them. They weren't your top priority anyways, so it didn't truly matter.

"Oookay! And now we wait for the bread to bake!" British North America exclaimed happily, he had brought you to the palace's kitchen to give you some baking lessons, since he said you looked like you needed some. "Say Y/n, could you please tell me why you are working for my brother?" The young boy asked innocently, unknowing you were sweating terribly.

Seeing that you weren't answering, he continued, "You know... Britain? I won't pressure you if it's a really secret reason!" Letting out a slight sigh, you smiled and answer him.

"No, it's not. I was just wondering what to say... To be honest, I believe I only worked for your brother for money... Keep it a secret, alright?" The last part of your answer came out in a whisper so that no one except the redhead colony could've heard.

"Yes! It will be something just the two of us know!" The young colony whisper-yelled, smiling sweetly at you.

The conversation continued smoothly after that as you and Canada kept talking on and on about baking.

Unknowing to the both of you, Thirteen Colonies was just out of the room, listening to every word that you both had conversed with each other.

"Turns out, you weren't exactly an imperialist, were you?"

Smiling quietly, he left without making his presence known.

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"So...?" You asked cautiously. Thirteen Colonies had asked you to sneak to his room at around midnight to talk about his plans for the revolution.

He was currently sitting on his bed, grinning at you without uttering a word. You tried to brush off the unnerving feeling, but failed horribly.

Out of nowhere, the colony laughed.

"Did I really look *that* bad? I was simply practicing a business smile!" He jokingly huffed. "I just wanted some opinion on the upcoming revolution, since you know, you're the Royal Advisor and all..." It was going like usual, until a certain Canadian barged into the room.

"Brother! I- Wait, why is the Royal Advisor with you? They're my baking buddy!" British North America pouted and grabbed your arm. Thirteen Colonies only smiled at his younger brother.

"Oh, but they're my best friend! We even have midnight strolls in the garden together!" You raised your eyebrow at him in disbelief.

'Is he talking about the time he threatened to kill me with a sword?'

"...I don't trust you, I bet I'm closer to the Royal Advisor!" B.N.A exclaimed, clinging more onto you. Subconsciously, you patted the boy's head.

"Well, then we'll let them decide! Say, Y/n, who's your best friend?"

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One month has passed, and midnight meetings between you and the colony have become a daily thing, it worried you about the possibilities when Britain finds out. You hoped he doesn't.

Fights between Thirteen Colonies and British Empire were more and more frequent every day, to the point they fight every time they see each other. The worse thing was, you always seem to go to wherever they were arguing and get caught in the crossfire.

Most of the time, Britain would just send you a glare and dismiss you, except for that one specific argument.

"Ah, L/n, perfect timing. Would you be a dear and come here for a moment, please?" Despite his usual charming smile, you were pretty sure he was furious.

Knowing that you can't deny the Empire's order, you slowly walked toward the two, ignoring Thirteen Colonies' worried gaze.

"Thirteen Colonies told me the reason he often has you over at his room, is that you two are lovers. Is that true? And don't you dare say you don't go there every night, I saw you myself."

You glanced toward Thirteen Colonies, looking for a sign to deny or agree to British Empire's statement, yet received nothing.

You stayed silent.

"Ah, it seems that they aren't answering. What kind of excuse will you make up this time, hm?" Britain's voice became murderous when he turned to face his younger brother. You swore you could've heard him trembling.

"Yes, he was correct, Your Majesty." You spoke up, causing British Empire to turn and face you. You couldn't help but noticed the firmness of your voice made the Empire surprised.

"...Pardon me?"

"I am indeed Thirteen Colonies' lover, Your Highness. And we do come to see each other at night, as catastrophic as it sounds."

Even though British Empire's face darkened at your words, he dismissed you both nevertheless.

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"Hey, thanks for helping me out back there! I really don't want to know what he'd do to me if you denied it. Ugh... I really don't want to go back to the dungeons..." Thirteen Colonies exclaimed happily as he smiled at you. The colony was happy, and you didn't want to upset him, but you couldn't help but notice a particular word.

"...Dungeons? What do you mean by dungeons? I thought they were only for criminals?" You questioned slowly, hoping it wouldn't sadden the teenage colony.

"...Uh yeah, dungeons... He likes to put me there to punish me whenever I 'misbehave' or do something he doesn't like..." The colony stopped for a moment, his lips forming a frown. "Though I try my best to stay away from him these days! That's why I haven't been in the dungeons for a while... I really hope he doesn't find a way to put me in there again..." Young America shuddered while

muttering his last words.

"I'm sure you wouldn't have to worry about that for long anymore." You stated quietly, gently reminding him about his upcoming Revolution.

"Oh! Yeah, you're right! I wouldn't! Thanks for reminding me Y/n!" He pulled you in a tight hug, leaving you confused since that was the first time he called you by your first name in private. It seemed as if he noticed confusion since he pushed you away lightly as quickly as he pulled you in. "Oh, sorry about that... I hope I didn't overstep your boundaries... It's just that, sometimes, I honestly think we're best friends hah! 'Cause like, you're probably the closest person to me, right behind my sweet younger brother, of course!"

You were about to assure him that you didn't mind his actions when a scream echoed through the halls. Thirteen Colonies immediately snapped his head in the direction of the scream, his expression a mix of fear and anger. He dashed as fast as he could up the nearby stairs. Quickly, you followed him, your jaw dropping in horror as you realized that it was young Canada's scream...

You made sure that you were standing just close enough to listen to the argument when you arrived, the younger colony was standing behind Thirteen Colonies, still trembling and sobbing uncontrollably while Britain and past America yelled at each other.

"Thirteen Colonies, I will ask you this one last time, step away from your brother. Now." British Empire warned firmly.

"No! 'Nada did nothing wrong! And you think I'd be stupid enough to step away so you could bring him to the dungeons? Never!" The colony yelled back, his tone full of rage.

"His name is not 'Nada', when will you call him by his name? And, he broke the vase mother gave me, and he should be punished for that. Do you understand?!" The Empire seemed to have lost his composure.

"Well, he is too young to be taken down to the dungeons! I know what kind of punishments you do down there, he wouldn't survive!"

"I only punish him because he needs to be punished. If he had known better, he wouldn't have played around the vase. Now step back, Thirteen Colonies. Do you hear me?!"

"He's a kid! A kid! If you just have to punish someone then take me instead! He's too young to be tortured by you!"

"As you wish then." British Empire then forcefully grabbed Thirteen Colonies' arm and pulled him to supposedly his dungeons, leaving their youngest brother behind.

As soon as British Empire was out of eyesight, you rushed to the redhead to comfort him. As soon as you carefully pulled him into a hug, he clings to you and cried endlessly."It-It was my fault that my brother was going to be punished! I-I'm such a terrible sibling!" He wailed loudly and started to cry harder, so you scooped him up and bring him to his room, away from prying eyes.

You were with B.N.A the entire time, patting his head every now and then, trying your best to comfort the kid and help him fall asleep.

Thirteen Colonies barged into his younger brother's room at approximately midnight, his blood was practically dripping from his clothes and his arms were full of fresh scars on top of old ones. It was fortunate that North America was asleep, or else he'll be crying again from guilt.

"...Is he okay?" The teen asked while glancing at you and his sibling, the red blood still dripping endlessly from his clothes.

"He's alright... But are you okay? Your wounds seem... terrible... I could help you treat them, if that's okay with you..." You answered quietly, looking at Thirteen Colonies' injured figure.

"...Yeah, I'd appreciate that, I never know how to treat them properly." The colony looked away from embarrassment as he agreed to your offer.

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"Gosh... what did he do to you..." You asked softly at the sight of his wounds.

"...Nothing enough for me to die, I guess... He whipped me, chained me with burning metal, and banged my head on the wall. My head was hurting like hell after that, so I don't know what he did. I do know that it hurts, though- Gah!"

From the way he winced when you tried to clean his wounds, you could tell it hurts a lot. "...Stop moving, will you? And where can I get clean cloth, by the way?"

"There's a supply room just around the corner- Ouch! Please be more gentle... Thanks for the help though." You nodded at his answer and muttered a small 'I'll try' and left to find clean fabric.

You returned within a minute with the clean fabric. Swiftly wrapping the cloth around the wounds on his chest and head, you ignored the colony's occasional whines and grunts. After around 15 minutes, you patted his hair lightly and spoke.

"I'm done! It doesn't look flawless, but it's good enough for you not to get infected! Are you feeling better now?"

"Uh, yeah actually. Thanks again." Thirteen Colonies whispered before suddenly blushing madly. Confused, you asked.

"Hm? What's wrong?"

"N-No, it's nothing huge. It's just that I just noticed that I was practically half-naked in front of you the entire time..."

"What's wrong with it? I needed to treat your wounds." You raised an eyebrow at his response. "What? You want me to compliment your abs or something?"

"I mean, it would've been nice..." He whispered quietly, barely audible at all.

"...What?"

"Uh no! Nothing! You should go to sleep!" He pushed you out of his

room as his face grew red, barely letting you respond. As soon as you were out of his room, Thirteen Colonies slammed the door shut. You were confused, but simply shrugged at his weird behavior and went to sleep.

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"I think my brother likes you! He's been gushing about you to me *all* day!" B.N.A grabbed your arm and exclaimed happily. He's been happier lately, since 1 week has already passed since the incident, and you were glad about it.

"Really? Maybe he just likes to be my friend!" You answered enthusiastically and patted the boy's head.

"Hm hm... We'll see!" The colony beamed and skipped away happily, leaving you a bit dumbfounded.

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"Oh, you came! I'm glad! I needed to talk to you about some important stuff!" Thirteen Colonies grinned and motioned for you to come stand next to him. You both slowly stroll through the gardens.

"So uh... what did you wanna talk about?" You questioned as you breathed in the fresh air in the Royal Garden. You don't really get much clean air in the modern world.

"...Do you have any feelings for my elder brother? You know... British Empire?" The colony asked rather carefully.

"Obviously not." You answered with no hesitation. "Why'd you ask?"

Thirteen Colonies scratched his head nervously and laughed. "No, nothing, really! It's just that he apparently has his eyes on you, *romantically-wise*. So I asked just to make sure..." His voice trailed off quietly.

"...Make sure of what?"

He immediately blushed and looked away, not forgetting to answer you in a low voice. "...To make sure that I had no competition."

You stayed quiet.

"Listen, okay? I like you, and I already liked you before you became a part of my Revolution, and I only realized that the night you helped me treated my wounds. We already told Britain we were lovers. So please, would it be possible for us to be *actual* lovers...?" The male grabbed your hand and confessed timidly.

"...The feeling's mutual." You answered quietly.

Thirteen Colonies widened his eyes and gasped. "Really?! I'm glad!" He exclaimed gleefully and hugged you, giggling lightly once you returned the gesture.

"Hey um... Can I... kiss you?" The colony asked, bashful.

You nodded in response, which earned a smile from your new lover.

Thirteen Colonies then connected your lips with his gently as if you were some sort of invaluable treasure. You didn't even get to savor the first kiss you had in the game when a 'Ding' played in your head, your consciousness was being returned to the original timeline.

"...Damn you stupid game system, just let me have some romance in my life will you." You mumbled bitterly as you noticed you were in the middle of a meeting.

At least Switzerland didn't notice your mumbling, or he did but chose to stay silent for your dignity, and you appreciated him for that.

♡ ~ ⎯•✧•⎯ ~ ♡

Information and Quests

Love Interests unlocked: 27(+0)

Quest points: 2

Next quest milestone: 10 points

Routes unlocked: 3(+3)

19. Another (half) day off

[image]

A/n: Woo, another chapter! I hope y'all enjoy this one!

Creds: Yours truly

♡ ~ —•✧•— ~ ♡

After the meeting, Switzerland approached you with a friendly smile, though it scared you to death.

"Hoi, would you mind telling me what game you played during the meeting? It sounds pretty fun. Something about the system doesn't allow you to pursue romance..."

"Uh... It's a game called Candy Smash Saga-" You blurted out, remembering a game you saw on the app store a few weeks ago, hoping that he never played the game before.

"Oh? Alright! I'll try it out, though I don't recall it having any romance aspects... Merci!" After thanking you in French, he waved to you and left.

"...I hope the game actually has romance-" You mumbled quietly as you rethink your decisions when suddenly, UN called you over.

The leader sent you a warm smile before starting to talk. "I had a chat with UNESCO earlier, and he was looking for a nice place for his upcoming meeting. He wanted it to be in a fancy restaurant, though. That's why I wanted you to find somewhere that fits his description. It could act as a breath of fresh air for you, doing things other than paperwork and stuff... So, what do you say, L/n?" You pondered for a while, thinking about his offer and all the sibling banters that you could get away with. You wanted a companion, though.

"...I wouldn't mind, Sir UN. Although, is it alright if someone comes

with me? Such an important task shouldn't be done by just one person." You saw UN thought about your proposal.

"Of course, I will see if anyone has a free schedule. Well then, I expect you to be at the building's gate at 2 PM sharp, if I found someone, they should already be there." You nodded to the organization's answer and left, making a mental note of the important time stamp.

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You expected to have either Amelia or Zente as the companion, but you never could've guessed that UN sent a country to be your partner for the task. And not just one country, but *two*. And they weren't just *any* countries, he seemed to have picked the very two in the building that did *not* have a good impression on you, Japan and France.

Right when they saw you, France frowned but immediately changed his expression back to a neutral one while Japan kept his poker face the entire time, although you were sure he didn't like you as well.

"So you're the note-writer? When we first met, I never could've imagined you were UN's diligent assistant. You were far too... Nevermind." France spoke politely, though you could tell he was refraining from rolling his eyes.

Japan, on the other side, eyed you up and down, quietly judging you with his ruby eyes.

You were getting uncomfortable under his gaze so you carefully introduced yourself to try and ease the tension. "...My name is Y/n L/n, and I am indeed sir UN's note-writer, sir France..."

France only nodded while Japan lifted his gaze to make eye contact with you, his lips quickly forming a fake closed-eye smile as he extended his hand for you to shake. "My deepest apologies for staring. My name is Japan, Nekomi's older brother. It is a pleasure to meet you."

'...He's definitely a politician' You thought as you shook hands with the Japanese male.

"Let's just get this over with," France spoke nonchalantly.

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"Oh... That building looks big enough to hold a UNESCO meeting." You spoke lightly, pointing toward a luxurious restaurant on the other side of the streets.

"UNESCO is pretty heavy on human-nature balance, we might as well find somewhere with lots of plants and flowers as decor." Japan hummed as he answered your suggestion. France stayed quiet, though you weren't sure if he was listening or not.

"Oh, alright. They don't seem to have any like that here though..." You mumbled.

The three of you walked in awkward silence for a little more until Japan got a call from someone, so he excused himself and left elsewhere, leaving you alone with the male French.

You noticed him muttering some French under his breath and then started talking to you out of nowhere, though it seemed forced.

"...Alright, we will probably work together more often now since I am now working in the main building, I believe it will be best if we were to clear up some misunderstanding, correct? Now, do you remember our first encounter?"

You cringed lightly, recalling the day you were caught simping over F.E by his own son, France. "...Yes, I do remember it, sir."

France nodded, his face neutral. "I appreciate your honesty. I was expecting a 'What are you talking about, sir?'. Anyway, since you do remember, would you mind explaining why exactly you were staring at my father's painting *weirdly*?"

You scratched your cheek nervously, wondering what you should

tell him, definitely not the truth though. He would probably have your head if he knew you were drooling over his dad.

"I was... uh... Looking for inspiration for a poem! Yeah, and I found inspiration in your father's painting. I was merely looking at the... details! Yes, that's- that's the story, sir." You quickly made up a reason, not forgetting to keep your face straight, hoping that France would buy the obvious lie.

"...Right, I will believe you, I guess..." The male responded, the doubtfulness clear in his tone and facial expression. "Would you mind telling me about the poem and its... contents, then? It's about my father, after all."

'Please be quicker, sir Japan, I don't wanna be interrogated-' You pleaded mentally, anxiously awaiting the Japanese's return.

"I didn't finish it yet sir... But it's supposed to be a poem about your father's... victorious history." You sent him a nervous smile, hoping that he wouldn't ask to see it.

France nodded and switched his attention to a random cafe nearby, seemingly ending the conversation. You were joyous for not being interrogated anymore when he suddenly made a request, seemed like you celebrated too soon.

"My father's deathday is soon, and he does like poems. Do you think I could have your poem once you're done with it? I'm sure he'll like to read a poem of him in the afterworld."

"I'm... I'm fine with it, sir." You mentally cursed yourself for accepting the proposal.

Although he was the one that made the suggestion, France appeared rather stunned, and the fact that his eyes softened a bit when you agreed took you by surprise. 'The guy actually got feelings, wow, impressive.'

"Thanks, L/n. I really do appreciate it." France spoke softly.

As if he was timing it, Japan returned right after the conversation, apologizing for the inconvenience he caused.

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"That restaurant looks alright, they got lots of plants... What do you think, sir-" You were suggesting another restaurant when a group of girls ran towards the three of you and squealed loudly.

"Oh my gosh!! France! You really are among the most handsome countries!! Gah, please be my lover!" One of the females unashamedly grabbed France's arm and practically begged him to be her boyfriend. France kept his straight face and pushed the girl away, though she kept on pushing her luck.

"What are you talking about?! Japan is so much more handsome!!" Another girl exclaimed loudly while abruptly hugging Japan, who was slowly losing his temper.

You were about to speak up to try and help your bosses, but one of them pushed you over. "I saw you eating out with the ASEAN countries sometimes, and with Estonia once. Stay away from the countries, slut!"

Annoyed by their fangirl behavior, you decided to handle them, professionally. "....Would you mind moving so we can continue our current work, or would you like to speak to sir FBI for harassment instead?" Knowing full well you haven't met the said organization yet, you spoke anyway, silently smirking to yourself when the group of girls scurried away at your threat. Turning back to France and Japan, you saw they were brushing their clothes, and both looked incredibly irritated.

"Tsk, don't they know how to respect a leader?" France spoke, clearly bothered by those he just met.

"Agreed, what are we, *idols?*" Japan exclaimed sarcastically, his usual polite exterior thrown out of the roof.

"Let's just... continue with our work, sirs." You carefully reminded them of the original purpose of the trip, which earned a slight nod from them.

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"...Oh, I almost forgot my meeting with EU." France muttered as he looked at his phone. "Japan, you and L/n could handle it, right?"

Japan smiled politely and nodded, "Of course." He responded, which earned a quick 'thank you' from the French as he walked away.

"Let's go, I just saw a suitable restaurant over there, we can just have tables reserved for UNESCO there. We've looked for long enough." The remaining male spoke as he started to walk faster, gesturing for you to follow him.

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"... And this is his number, the meeting will take place next Monday, I hope the special menu and decor are ready by then," Japan instructed, trying to ignore the fact that the receptionist was infatuated with him.

"Y-Yes of course Mr! I will have everything prepared for you!" The female stuttered, you could tell she wasn't listening and was busy adoring Japan whatsoever.

'Damn, they are attractive to people, aren't they.' You thought as you watch your boss struggling to make his new admirer focus on her work, which has no progress, unfortunately.

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"That was quite a hassle." Japan sighed as he glance at his watch. "It's already post-lunch..."

You walked silently next to him as you think of what tasty delicacies you would eat once you two get back. "Perhaps I'd treat

myself to something nice today." You mumbled lightly.

Out of nowhere, Japan stopped and turned towards you. "You're probably hungry as well, correct? How about we have lunch together, there's this new Japanese restaurant around here, we could go there. The bill is on me, of course." He paused for a bit. "And we could talk about some things, too. What do you say, L/n?"

As awkward as it would be, you didn't want to refuse, because, well, free food is always the best food, right? Yep, free food is the best food.

"It would be my honor, sir."

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"So, now that we're seated and have ordered, I would like to talk about things." Japan folded the menu and put it aside, making direct eye contact with you.

"...If you want to talk about F.E's painting, I've already sorted it out with sir France." You quietly spoke, eerie about the topic of the conversation.

Japan shook his head and politely smiled. "It's not that, though I'm glad you did sort it out, he seemed pretty troubled when the incident happened." He straightened his posture and continued, "I wanted to ask your opinion on a birthday gift for my sister. You were one of the younger employees in the building, so I thought I'd ask you." You nodded thoughtfully, thinking about Nekomi-whom you haven't talked to all that much.

As soon as you were about to speak, the waiters served your food and Japan was already snapping the chopsticks in two, so you stayed silent instead.

"いただきます." He muttered.

The meal was quiet, though you did enjoy the meal. While waiting for the desserts, the topic of Nekomi's gift was brought up again.

"I mean, she loves anime, right? You could... gift her collectibles like figurines... and cosplay items too! I'm sure she'll appreciate it. And, perhaps a set of gaming PC? I do recall others saying that she's one of the gamers among the countries..."

Japan nodded, though he seemed rather confused. You could hear him mumbling something along the lines of 'Why would people buy an entirely new computer for games', which caused you to almost chuckle. "Would you mind coming with me to stores to pick out the figurines, cosplay items and the most suitable PC then?" He suggested after a bit of silence.

You were hesitant to agree to the offer, as much as you want to run from your work responsibilities, you did not want to disappoint UN, he paid you a lot after all. Noticing your reluctance, Japan quickly reassured. "I'll give you half a day off, if you're coming with me, of course." Hearing you wouldn't be roaming around the city even when you were supposed to work, you agreed almost immediately, earning an almost genuine smile from the male.

You spent the entire evening picking out gifts for Nekomi after that, it was actually enjoyable, despite how formal he seemed. Japan was very respectful and was an absolute gentleman, another plus was, he seemed to have lowered his guard around you a bit, telling you nice stories of him and his sister back when they were kids and slight mentions of their father here and there. The stories were all filled with wholesomeness, and you loved it. The only drawback was probably some random girls that were obsessed with his looks approaching you two every now and then, though it didn't make the entire experience terrible.

You had a nice day overall, you even managed to get on good terms with France and Japan, perhaps even friends. But let's hope you would act more carefully around Switzerland from now on as well, who knows if he was already suspicious of your origin?

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That night, a certain country struggled to play a supposed romance

game. To his confusion, the game was just filled with smashing candies, the type of game adult humans would play.

"...Where's the romance in this? Was Y/n mistaken? What if they're not, I'll just ask them tomorrow, then." Shrugging, Switzerland placed his phone aside and went to sleep.

♡ ~ ⎯•✧•⎯ ~ ♡

Information and Quests

Love Interests unlocked: 27(+0)

Quest points: 2

Next quest milestone: 10 points

Routes unlocked: 4(+1)

20. Sick

[image]

A/n: Kind of a filler episode-

Anyway, allow me to get ur opinions on this one, which quest do you want to do next?

A Germany-related one

or

A France-related one?

♡ ~ -----•✧•----- ~ ♡

Since you were transported into the game, you have never experienced any health problems except light headaches before and after quests. Imagine your surprise when you woke up with a severe stomachache and a fever. "...Wow, and here I thought I couldn't get sick." You muttered bitterly while getting yourself ready for work.

After making a quick breakfast, you headed off for the countryhumans' headquarters, deciding that if your symptoms worsened, you'd go home later.

"Ah, you're early. What's the occasion?" You met Germany at the building's entrance, looking as tired as ever. "...You look sick, are you alright?" The German asked, genuinely concerned.

You shook your head and faked a smile. "I'm fine, Germs. At least for now."

Germany looked doubtful, but he remained silent, only sending you a nod before hurriedly getting to his office, which was pretty typical of him.

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Your fever was getting worse and worse as each hour passes by, and you didn't like that. Some of the countries might've noticed your condition since you did see them looking at you worriedly. None of their worries could've beaten Laos', though.

"Uh, Y/n... You look really ill. You are sick, aren't you?" He smiled nervously when he saw you weren't answering. "I can...uh... have Cuba check your health conditions? If you'd like, of course! But he's like, better than most doctors at nearby hospitals so...What'd ya say?" He sounded pretty timid and concerned, different from most occasions where you'd be seeing him being chaotic with his ASEAN mates.

"Лаос, Singapore is looking for you, he wishes to discuss your gold trade." Russia interrupted your train of thought as he went to talk with the redhead. Laos nodded and smiled, but kept looking at you as if you were going to die, and Russia seemed to notice it. "...I can take them to Cuba and do the talking for them, don't worry."

The redheaded male appeared surprised but happily thanked his friend before leaving the both of you. After a moment of silence, Russia finally spoke up.

"...So? It all depends on you. Though I could give you a day off, since that seemed more rational." He offered while quirking an eyebrow at you, waiting for a response.

You didn't even bother thinking about the offer and accepted it right away, why would anyone decline a day off? "...That would be nice, thank you, er..."

"Just Russia is fine." He reassured.

"Right, thank you, Russia." You properly thanked the country and tried your best to form a smile, though your body temperature was starting to rise due to your fever and you felt a headache coming as well, and it wasn't pleasant at all.

The male in front of you observed you for a bit before eventually speaking up. "You know, I think maybe you should skip any upcoming meetings today while I do the proper paperwork for your

day off."

'Proper paperwork? The others give me day-offs all the time and I don't recall any paperwork... Plus, I have to attend an EU meeting today, and EU probably wouldn't let this slide... Eh, he can suck it up.' You thought while nodding at Russia's suggestion, who left right after you responded. You only shrugged at it and went back to your office to rest, hoping your now painful headache would disappear.

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You did not expect to hear a knock on your door a little bit later while resting your head on the table, you were even more surprised to see the one opening the door was a frowning Germany, who was supposed to be at the meeting.

"Germs? I thought you were at the meeting, won't EU chew off your head?" You sleepily asked the male, not bothering to sit up properly in front of him.

A familiar blue face popped in from behind, "For your information, I am not a cannibal." EU said bitterly before turning back to Germany for a brief exchange before turning to you again. "Also, take proper care of your health, please. I can't afford to be sick as well." He spoke before leaving.

You were about to curse EU in your head for being mean when Germany approached your desk, placing down a lot of stuff. As you slowly lift your head up, you could notice he is trying to brew some tea, and as confused as you were, you stayed quiet.

After 2 or 3 short minutes, the German finally called your name. Curious, you glanced back to him again, only to be more confused by what he was trying to offer to you.

"Tea...? I don't want to drink it, it looks really hot..." You mumbled. It wasn't like you hated tea, but your body was burning, so you thought it might be better if you hadn't drunk the flaming hot tea

Germany was holding.

"...Nein. You can't refuse, this tea would help your illness, I promise. You've helped me before, so allow me to return the favor." He stated, a glint of worriedness evident in his tone. Not wanting to hurt the guy's feelings, you sit up and drank the tea slowly. Surprisingly, the tea tasted amazing, perhaps you shouldn't have doubted it based on its temperature alone. While you were busy sipping the liquid, Germany was talking on the phone with someone in a very secretive manner, although you were too sick to care.

"Ah... I have to go grab something real quick, you would be fine being alone for a bit right?" He turned to look at you apologetically before tearing a piece of paper from the files he brought with him to write something on it. "Please don't kill me for this EU..." He murmured. "Here, just in case your temperature rises dangerously, dial me and I'll be right there to drive you to a hospital. Russia has already done the paperwork, but I don't think you can go home in this state." He said, handing you his number.

"Yeah, I can handle it for a bit I guess... Thanks for caring, Germs." You mumbled while saving his number to your contacts.

"Oh, no problem. You've been kind" was all he said before exiting, leaving you alone in your fairly spacious office. Due to having nothing to do, you decided to observe your office for a bit. The walls were painted beige with a few wooden shelves to match the color, and there were a few cactuses here and there. Behind your desk was the view of a bustling city from up high, but it was currently blocked by curtains. During your observation, you did realize that the mysterious messenger from your first days in the game hasn't tried to contact you since, not like you wanted to complain, they were annoying anyway. Your peace was soon interrupted when another person knocked on the door, followed by a soft male voice, one that belonged to a certain peacemaker between the Asians.

"Y/n? It's Brunei. May I come inside? I've brought you some medicine, with your current caretaker's permission, of course." He chuckled lightly, referring to Germany. Knowing that Brunei was one of the calmer ones, you told him to come in since some

medicine would really help you. Brunei quickly entered once you gave your consent, he was still wearing a backpack as if he had just got to the building, not to mention he was sweating a little as well. Holding up a plastic bag, he smiled. "Here's your medicine, I'll sort and put them on the table for you." As he laid the bag down on your desk, you can't help but notice the Bruneian's side profile.

'He sure has really pretty golden eyes, not to mention he's also really nice.' You thought, looking at the Asian country that was busy sorting out the medicine for you.

"Ah, I almost forgot. Vietnam asked me to give you these... Dau gio? That was what he called them anyway, I believe they're medicated oil in English. The rest send you their regards." Brunei spoke, smiling at you. "Hm... you really look like you could use some food, don't you? Have you eaten anything at all since the morning?" He asked curiously, his eyes scanning your face for any response. "Well, even if you did, it would help that you eat something more before drinking medicine. I packed some kelupis with me earlier, so you can eat those." The male shuffled his backpack for a short while, pulling out a metal container afterward.

"Here, try those." Brunei smiled, handing you what he called 'kelupis'. As you took a bite out of the sticky rice wrapped in leaves, the male asked curiously. "So how does it taste?"

"...It tastes really nice, different from what I usually have these days. Thank you." You answered truthfully, despite only being sticky rice, it tasted amazing.

"Oh haha, that's nice to hear. It is one of my favorite Bruneian snacks. If you'd like to eat it anytime, just ask me, I usually have them packed as snacks every day." He smiled brightly while placing the container on your desk. "Here, remember to eat all of them before taking the medicine. I'll be taking my leave now, remember to have the medicine soon. Oh, also, here's my number in case you need anything and Germany's not here yet." He slipped you a piece of paper and left as quickly as he came in.

As the wooden door closed behind him, you couldn't help but wonder why he cares about you so much.

"Maybe it's because of his fatherly instincts... He deals with the ASEAN countries all the time." You said quietly while glancing at the medicine and the food container right next to you. As much as you try not to, you couldn't help but have butterflies in your stomach. His gentle voice, his soft golden eyes, his caring nature,... "I really need to focus on not falling on any of them... I don't want to have regrets once I do get back to my world... Focus, Y/n." You mumbled quietly while munching on the delicious Bruneian snacks.

15 minutes or so after Brunei left, the door was opened yet again, this time, by your unofficial 'caretaker', Germany. He was holding a ton of bags, you noticed that he was quite distressed while doing so. "Do you need a hand, Germs?" You offered, knowing full well that you were too tired to even stand up.

"Just allow yourself to relax, Y/n. It's not that heavy, anyway." He answered while placing all the bags down on your office floor.

"...Alright, what are those anyway?" You questioned while looking at the bags peculiarly.

Germany clicked his tongue before answering. "Oh, the European countries, well, some of them, sent you something as a gift. Not to mention some other countries sent some while I was on my way here as well, that's why there's an entire pile." He eyed you quietly as you stared at the bags, curious about their contents. "Do you want to know what's inside? I can bring you one for you to unpack." Germany offered.

"Um alright, thanks in advance, Germs. Is there any you'd recommend opening?" You jokingly asked, not expecting a serious answer from the German.

"...Well, normally, I would recommend either Japan's or France's gift. They are observant and pretty thoughtful about gifts, but then again you are not exactly close to them. The next logical answer would be any of the ASEANs' gifts, they are generally closer to you, but their gifts can contain pranks... I think you should just open Switzerland's." He finished with a straight face as he picked out the Swiss' gift from the pile, handing it to you. "Just in case you want to know, some European countries, all of the ASEANs minus Brunei,

the Russian and English siblings, and a few other Asian countries sent you something." He said monotonously.

You smiled and accepted the parcel from Germany, opening it shortly after. Inside contained his famous chocolates and rösti-a well-loved dish in Switzerland. You found a short letter inside the package as well.

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I hope you're doing better than before, do eat my chocolates, they're scientifically proven to be able to soothe your throat, calm coughs, and even migraines. Also, try out rösti, I personally like them very much. Anyway, sorry if my handwriting looks terrible, I was rushing when I wrote this.

Sincerely,

Switzerland.

PS: Please tell me about the romantic aspects of 'Candy Smash Saga' once you can, I just can't find them.

~~~~ °• ♡ •° ~~~~

"He actually played the game..." You mumbled to yourself as you placed the letter aside to rest, feeling the previous headache returning. Germany, who was signing papers on your left, glanced at your sleepy state and sighed.

"...Take the meds first, Y/n, then I'll turn off the lights for you to sleep. You know Brunei wouldn't be happy to see you aren't taking your meds." He scolded you lightly, somewhat like a parent. "Let me just go grab you some water." He said, standing up to go and refill your water bottle.

You lifted your head up from the table just to lean back onto the chair, staring at the ceiling blankly, thinking about whether you really wanted to go back to your world. You were nicely paid here, and it seemed that the countries actually cared for you, if you went back, you would just be back into the endless cycle of working tirelessly and being underpaid all the time. "Staying here seems to

be nicer now that I think about it." You said blankly.

"...Are you planning to leave?" Germany stood at the door and questioned, his hands still holding the newly-filled water bottle. "Or I mean, are you planning to resign? Is there anything you're not satisfied with? The environment? The salary? I can talk to UN about it." He continued while preparing your medicine.

You were a little bit touched by his willingness to do such things for you, but your curiosity had beaten the feeling. "There's no need, but why are you so willing to go to such measures?" Germany sighed in relief when you assured him that you weren't going to resign before answering your question, the ghost of a smile on his face.

"Oh, you remind me of my younger sister, is all." He stated calmly as he placed the medicine and water down in front of you. "Drink up. It'll help you recover faster." The slight smile was now gone, and the everyday tired look was now evident on the German's face yet again. You listened to the male and took your medicine, wanting the horrible sickness to go away.

"Where's your sister?" You asked mindlessly, gulping the water down your throat to make the medicine's bitterness go away.

Germany remained silent before eventually muttering a small "East Germany passed away years ago. She never liked her life anyway, the only regret I had when she passed was probably not spending enough time with her." You knew you mentioned a sensitive topic, so you stayed quiet, not wishing to push any boundaries. "Sorry, I shouldn't have shared too much. You drank your medicine, correct? I'll leave for you to sleep now. Rest well." He secured the blinds of your windows and turned off the lights, leaving the room completely dark, the perfect environment for sleeping.

"Oh, Belarus said he wanted to talk to you once you feel better, keep that in mind." He said before closing the door, leaving you alone in the dark room.

After hearing the country's regret, you felt bad for him, hoping there was some way for you to help him as you dozed off. Quietly, your phone let out a small 'ding', indicating a new notification.

'Next quest milestone: 10 points (8 more points): Allowing Germany to meet East Germany again.'

♡ ~ ⎯•✧•⎯ ~ ♡

Information and Quests

Love Interests unlocked: 27(+0)

Quest points: 2

Next quest milestone: 10 points

Routes unlocked: 4(+0)

♡ ~ ⎯•✧•⎯ ~ ♡

2 Cool 4 School

Viet's fav ASEAN bro

So

Idk if you guys noticed

But Y/n is sick

Very sick

Your local pretty boi

Who r u

Viet's fav ASEAN bro

Laos

But is that the only thing u care about???

Thought u2 were lovers-

U always fluster them for fun

Your local pretty boi

Who?

Me and Y/n?

Nah

Were friends

Oh wait theyre sick?

Viet's fav ASEAN bro

Yes

Your local pretty boi

Then give them a day off

Is der a problem?

I am NOT a communist

Already on it, dumbass

Germany

Stop using 'der' as 'there'

It's insulting to German

Your local pretty boi

Oh look

DERs Y/ns caretaker

Germany

Shut up

Viet's fav ASEAN bro

Caretaker?

Your local pretty boi

Yes

GERMS is taking care of Y/n rn

Germany

Ich hasse dich

Germany is now offline

Your local pretty boi

He for sure has a soft spot for them

ASEAN's mother is online

ASEAN's mother

Hi, I'm almost back from the airport

Does anyone need help buying anything?

Viet's fav ASEAN bro

Uh

Y/n's sick

Maybe you should consider buying some medicine

ASEAN's mother

They're sick?

Of course I would buy medicine for them, they're my friend.

Your local pretty boi

Hey

Buy me some McDonalds too

I'm hungry asf here

ASEAN's mother

No.

Suck it up, America

I'm taking care of Y/n

Your local pretty boi

Rude

But ya better ask Germ's permission to take care of Y/n

He's the current caretaker lol

ASEAN's mother

@Germany

May I take care of Y/n?

Germany is online

Germany

Yes, you can

I need to leave for a bit anyway

Germany and ASEAN's mother are now offline

21. Germany's past- UNFINISHED

A/n: The quest chosen was the Germany-related one, I'll probably do France's in the next chapter tho, so for the ones that wanted to see kid France and Francia, don't be sad:)

Dictionary:

Speeches in italic during quest = German

Schwachkopf = Moron

Pibling = Neutral term for aunt/uncle; basically means parent's sibling(in this case, in-law)

♡ ~ -•✧•- ~ ♡

After the much-needed nap, you woke up to see it was almost 5 PM, the time when most countries had headed home already. With a bit of a self-health checkup, you stood up to clear your desk and fixed your clothes before finally going out of the room after hours. You immediately bumped into Amelia, she was pretty surprised and seemingly happy to see you.

"Y/n! Glad to see you're here! Say, have you seen either Izabel or Haoyu? I've asked the countries about their sudden absence from work, but I've been told there's no Izabel or Haoyu that ever worked in the building... Now that I think about it, Zente also disappeared..." She spoke worriedly and stormed off, not giving you any chance to respond. Suspiciously, you pulled out your phone and looked for Zente's number, after all, you both exchanged numbers the day he suggested you do the last quest. The only contacts you had were UN's, Brunei's, and Germany's meanwhile Zente's was nowhere to be found.

"I swear I saved his number... There has to be a Zente Elrod

somewhere in here." You murmured while strolling down the halls, not exactly knowing where you were going.

"You as well? First I had to deal with Ms. Lewis talking about a nonexistent 'Haoyu' and 'Izabel', which was backed up by China and Poland, claiming they do remember having an assistant somehow." EU let out a small 'tsk' before continuing. "Now here you are talking about some Zente Elrod... Has the Mandela effect taken over this building?" He said shooking his head.

"They do exist though..." You said, focusing back on your phone to try and find Zente yet again, but got your forehead flicked by the organization for absolutely no reason.

"You've just recovered, why are you putting your brain in so much work? Take care of your health, Schwachkopf. Seriously, you people these days..." He complained while glaring at you, quietly telling you to put your phone away, and you did. "I wouldn't want you to spread your sickness to my members, it'd damage the economy." He scowled. "Take proper care of yourself next time, that's an order." EU rolled his eyes and walked away as if what he just did wasn't weird.

You rubbed your forehead lightly while glaring at the organization's back. "I don't know if I should be happy that he's friendlier to me or if I should be creeped out by the fact that it's way too out of the blue..." You murmured and continued your stroll down the hallway, thoughts about Zente's, Izabel's, and Haoyu's sudden disappearances still occupying your mind. Suddenly, your phone buzzed.

----UNKNOWN ----

<I know of your secrets.

What?>

SYSTEM ERROR: CANNOT DELIVER MESSAGE

----*----

'What's with all the weird things these days?' You thought quietly, paying no mind to the unknown messenger, knowing if you did you

wouldn't be able to do anything either.

"Ey Y/n, whatcha still doin' in the building?" A male voice asked from behind you, not long after, an arm was placed around your shoulder. "Mind if you have dinner with a certain country tonight? I promise that it'll be *very, very* enjoyable, cutie~" You didn't even need to look to know that it was America speaking, absentmindedly, you answered him.

"Sorry, I'm a bit dizzy tonight, so not coming with you Ame." America let out a small gasp and beamed.

"You gave me a nickname! That's something to celebrate kitten~ Let's go, I'll treat you to a full-course meal tonight! No rejections allowed!" He grabbed onto your arm and dragged you to the nearest elevator. "Plus, you need to have a nice, full meal after you're sick, so this would be the exact thing you need Y/n~" He cooed while pressing the elevator's buttons, not noticing that you cringed lightly at his tone.

"But... I need to get my car." You tried to reason with the male.

"No one's gonna steal your car when it's parked in our headquarters. They know not to mess with us. What's your car brand, anyway?" He questioned despite his eyes not showing any interest at all.

"Uh... I think I ride an Audi." You answered quietly, thinking about the car you already had since you transported.

"Shesh, that car's not that expensive. I'll get you a Rolls-Royce or something if it gets stolen, though I highly doubt that. But just in case, a Rolls-Royce sounds good, yeah? Or do you want a Mercedes-Benz? Perhaps a Lamborghini? What's your dream car, kitten?~" He kept talking as the elevator door opened. "Let's go~ There's this luxurious restaurant nearby~" He smirked and dragged you to his car outside of the building.

America opened the door for you, smiling as he does. No sooner after you got in, America took the driver's seat himself and drove to the diner. Suddenly, his phone rang. "...Must be 'Nada." You heard the American mutter. "Hey Y/n, mind answering the phone and

putting it on speaker for me? My phone is in the jacket's right pocket" He asked, referring to the white jacket he wore every day that was thrown in the back seat. Grunting lightly, you reached toward it and grabbed the jacket, pulling the phone out shortly afterward. As soon as you put speaker on, you can hear the gentle voice of the Canadian country.

"Ame, we both agreed to meet at Aussie's place. Where are you right now? Zea is starting to complain about your punctuality." America huffed lightly before answering.

"When is she not? Anyway, I don't think I can make it tonight, but you and the other two are free to continue the plan since you already reserved the table, right? Just pretend I was never in your plans, you three deserve a break, especially Zea, so make sure she isn't gonna bail out."

Canada sighed lightly on the other line. "I can do that. But why? You don't usually cancel family plans. Don't tell me China is up to something again?" America tensed up at the mention of the Asian country, his face darkened as he stayed silent for a couple of seconds.

"I assure you that it's nothing work-related, 'Nada. I'm just treating a friend to dinner. Plus, even if China has been a headache, you think I wouldn't be able to suppress the guy?"

"Right... Sorry if I mentioned something I shouldn't have. Have fun with your friend, Ame. See you tomorrow." Just like that, Canada ended the call. You quietly returned the phone to its original place while America focused on driving and uttered nothing for the rest of the ride, so you did the same.

After around 15 minutes, America parked the car. Quickly, he unfastened the seat belt and went to open the door for you, a charming smile forming on his lips. "I apologize for my silence earlier, I was in a terribly bad mood, as you could've noticed. Let's get on with our meal tonight, shall we kitten?~"

You both approached the reception table and before any of you could've spoken a word, the receptionist lady was already talking to

America in a pleading manner.

"Ame! I never thought I would see you again! Please, I swear I will be a better lover! Please get back together with me!"

America took several steps back and rolled his eyes. "Don't waste my time Tricia, you know it's more precious than your entire existence. Now I'd like a table for two." The girl sobbed lightly before quietly leading you both to a table, she hurried away afterward, leaving the two of you to another server. After ordering the entire menu, the country shifted his attention back to you again.

"...Right, sorry for that scene. It seems that the universe doesn't want our friendly date to go as planned, does it? Anyway, are you hungry yet? 'Cause I can see the appetizers about to be served." He said, his hands swirling the wine glass. "I actually have a more in-depth reason for this meal. So, would you mind answering a few questions for me? I promise you it's nothing personal."

You shifted in your seat. "If it's nothing too personal then sure?" America beamed at your answer.

"Brilliant. Now, for the first question, by any chance, do you know the name of the British Royal Council's Head in... 1774? It's for research purposes." You tensed up a little, knowing he was talking about you. Your face even heated up a little from remembering the little kiss you two shared in Britain's Royal Garden at midnight. Fortunately, you managed to calm yourself.

"I uh... don't know their name, why?"

"Their name is Y/n L/n, the same as yours, why is that? Perhaps a mere coincidence? I just thought you'd be interested." He shrugged. "That's why I share."

You looked away, trying your best not to remember the kiss you had with America's younger version. "I mean, they're probably my ancestor, at best, what else is there to say...?"

"Right... Fair enough, don't you think it's so much of a coincidence though? What's your heritage? Just curious."

"...Uh... I..."

The country seemed like he was about to press into the topic when the main course came up, so he switched to eating. For the rest of the meal, it seemed as if America had completely dropped the serious topics, switching entirely to jokes and teasings, and you were grateful for that.

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The country drove you home after dinner, constantly reassuring you that no one was going to steal your car on the way. As you changed into comfortable clothes, your phone dinged.

'You will be transported into a quest in 10 minutes. More side-quests will be available during the main quest.'

"I don't even have the choice to do or to not do quests now, do I..." You complained quietly before being knocked unconscious.

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You woke up on a comfortable bed. Like usual, you changed into whatever was in the closet and made yourself look decent with what was available, though it was safe to say that you were quite surprised by the size of the room and the number of luxurious clothes you had. Expectedly, you found a letter addressed to you on the nightstand. Unfolding the paper, you were met with an information paper yet again.

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Quest

Main objective 1: Remain alive.

Side objective 1: Keep East Germany healthy (+2 quest points)

Side objective 2: Talk to Weimar Republic (+1 quest point)
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Information

Settings: Year 1933

Occupation: West Germany's and East Germany's doctor

Personal relationships: The spouse of Weimar Republic

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"*...Remain alive? I don't really like the sound of that... And what's after the Weimar Republic...?*" You murmured before walking out of the door, not caring for the fact that you were now speaking in fluent German. As you strolled through the empty neoclassical halls, you noticed that the sun was only starting to rise, meaning you were awake early, probably. "Guess I'll have time to look at this place." You shrugged and continued the stroll. On the way, a certain painting caught your eye, it was a painting of German Empire, with a regular head, contrary to popular belief, standing next to a smiling Weimar and a scowling redhead, you felt quite bad for not remembering what was the country. Though you did deduce that Weimar seems to be the older sibling.

After a while, the sky was bluer at this point, you met Weimar Republic casually sitting in a chair, sipping his coffee in the gardens. The country's face perked up as soon as he saw you. "*Ah, I see you're awake my love, come, let's enjoy the winter morning together, I have some warm pretzels prepared today.*" He offered while smiling. You were kinda hungry anyway, so you took a seat next to the German and ate some pretzels. "*I'll come home late today, just so you know. Nazi said he had something he wanted to discuss with me after my usual meetings and stuff... Look after East and West like you usually do, yeah? I'm just their uncle, but I don't like seeing them sad all the time 'cause of their father.*" Weimar pushed the pretzel plate towards you, gesturing for you to eat more. "*Plus, I did notice East Germany looking a bit paler lately, perhaps you might want to check up on her.*" He stated while standing up and straightening his clothes. "*I'm leaving now, I'll see you later, love.*" The male bent down a little to peck your cheek, making you blush lightly at the action before leaving, a soft smile on his lips.
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"*That was quite something... I guess I'm getting romance with the ex-countries then.*" You mumbled quietly, mouth still munching on the German's delicious pretzels.

You spent the day talking to maids and chefs inside the palace and hanging out with the two German kids. East Germany happily forced you into a tea party while her brother asked for help with some math problems. Everything seemed to be going alright, you did not encounter any near-death experiences and you also had a handsome husband to wait for.

But you made assumptions too soon.

"*Your husband's dead. His building burned down, I've buried him already, so rest easy.*" Third Reich announced while sitting comfortably on the couch. "*Sorry for your loss, when I came, the place was already in flames. There was also the smell of gasoline, no one could've done anything to prevent it.*" Nazi kept talking as he threw away a matchbox. "*I wonder who could've done such a thing. Hm, what do you think?*" He spoke nonchalantly. You were sweating, it was definitely him that caused the death of Weimar, was that why you got a point for talking to your supposed lover? Because he would die very soon?

"*You're getting two choices. Either forget about that Republican and marry me, or you can meet him again in heaven. Be grateful that I'm giving you a choice. I need someone to care for my kids when I'm away, and you're the best option, considering you're their doctor.*" You couldn't speak at all, so you quietly removed the wedding ring you were wearing and placed it on the table, hoping that he would treat you well enough. The redhead appeared rather pleased with your answer, his lips curled up in a half smile. "*I see you're pretty smart, probably why Weimar chose you as his spouse. Just know that this doesn't ensure your safety whenever you make a mistake in the future. Go to sleep now, I'll let the kids know about this tomorrow.*" He gestured toward your bedroom while lighting up a cigarette. You were quite thankful that at least he wasn't obsessed with you like most of the fanfics from your world.

The night was uneventful, you managed to sleep through it despite having to worry about ways to keep yourself alive when Third

Reich was now in power. The sleep was much needed though, since the following days would probably be very energy-draining, or so you thought.

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"*Good morning. Where's East?"* Nazi Germany sipped his coffee as West Germany opened the dining room's door.

"*East said she was tired so she'll sleep a bit more today.*" The dictator placed the cup down quietly as he scoffed at the response.

"*She's never punctual, isn't she? Tsk, Frieda."* A ginger-haired maid appeared quickly beside the country.

"*Y-Yes sir...*"

"*Wake my daughter up and clear her breakfast from the table. That'll teach her a lesson.*" The maid quickly scurried away, not wanting to spend more time than needed with the tyrant. You wanted to protest about the no breakfast thing, but you didn't want to die either, so you reminded yourself to sneak something for the poor girl later.

A few minutes later, Frieda came back with a saddened East Germany, she probably knew that she wasn't going to have any breakfast today. Poor kid, at least West Germany was comforting her. Nazi Germany on the other hand, didn't seem to care.

"*Now that you both are here, your uncle's dead. Just dead yesterday as well, what a tragedy.*" He rolled his eyes before continuing. "*This is your new parent from now on. Any questions?"* West Germany, who already has his eyes widened at Weimar's death announcement, timidly spoke up.

"*...I thought Y/n was our pibling?*" Nazi Germany seemed annoyed at the question, but rather than answering, he just clicked his tongue and stood up.

"*Alright, if there are no questions, I'll be taking my leave. The country*

requires my lead." You caught a glimpse of what looked like a smirk when he turned away, though you had your full attention on the kids. Confusion was written all over West's face as his father left. East patted her brother's back, offering some comfort.

"*We both know there's nothing we can do. Also, please, please please share that pretzel. And don't tell Father!"* West only sighed and pushed the entire plate to his sister.

"*Enjoy. I'm not hungry anyway.*" The kid stood up and fixed his clothes. "*If there are any survival tips you want to learn about, I'll be in my room studying, you know where my room is, right, L/n?*" He tilted his head innocently while asking, the simple action caused you to fall in love with the cute kid.

'Who knew Germany was this cute-' You thought before regaining your composure. "*Y-Yeah, I do. Though feel free to call me Y/n, I don't want your father to kill me because I've been making you guys uncomfortable or anything...*" You paused for a brief moment before muttering quietly under your breath after West left. "*Feels weird that I'm suddenly a parent, I don't like this kind of 'forced marriage' stuff I got myself into as well..."* Surprisingly, East heard what you said.

"It's okay. I'm sure Wee-Wee knows that. I do too! There's no way you'd choose someone like Father over Uncle Weimar..." She munched on her brother's pretzel hurriedly before continuing. "*You can't become a doctor if you do, anyway. That's a stupid thing to do.*" You looked at her for a bit, just now remembering what Weimar told you yesterday.

"*Is it okay if you come to my room for a check-up later on? Your flag seems a bit paler lately.*" The young girl nodded at your question and continued to eat. After a bit, you decided to go back to your room and do whatever.

.

.

"*Y/n!! Are you inside? I'm here for the check-up, like you wanted me to!*" A voice spoke up from outside your door and was followed after

by a knock. You could tell it was none other than East Germany from the lack of calmness in her tone, and the high-pitched girly voice as well, of course.

"*Oh, come in then, the door's open.*" You answered as the young kid entered and grinned at you.

"*Hi! Can you please make the check-up quick? Wee-Wee agreed to play tag with me today!"* She exclaimed joyously as she sat on your bed and toyed with her fingers. You only smiled at the kid before coming to look at her condition. After a quick check, you concluded that she was having the common cold. The symptoms were pretty obvious: a runny nose, coughs every now and then, and watery eyes,... East glanced at you curiously before speaking up, "...*What is it? Must be a cold right?? Y/n??"* You nodded at her subconsciously.

"*Fortunately, it is. To make the cold go away faster, you should drink lots of water, oh, and tell the maids to bring you some honey to soothe your coughing as well. Hm, avoid playing outside, too, you wouldn't want your conditions to worsen, would you?"* You explained as the kid frowned a little at your last statement. "...*You can still play tag inside, can't you?"* East only shook her head and jumped off your bed, heading for the door.

As she closed the door, you caught onto what she said. "*Father won't scold me for having tea parties inside, would he... You're invited as well, Y/n.*"

.

.

You ended up not coming to East's tea party since you fell asleep while reading a random book you found inside your room. When you woke up, it was already 6 pm, so you stretched yourself and walked out of your room. "*I suppose it's time to check on East... Would need some medicine if things worsened.*" You murmured quietly.

On your way to the main room, you crossed paths with Frieda, the ginger maid you met earlier. "*You might want to come to East and West Germany right away, Ms. L/n.*" She whispered to you and

quickly left, putting you on edge by what she had said.

As you opened the door to the main room, you immediately heard Third Reich talking to his kids. "*Explain, East. Why did you damage my papers, you know it's important. And you, you're grounded for not stopping your sister."*

West Germany lowered his head and stayed silent, East Germany, however, was sobbing loudly. "*I-I'm sorry Father, I didn't notice they were there...*" Third Reich rolled his eyes as East explained, after she went quiet again, he scoffed and turned away.

"*Go outside, and stand there until I allow you inside again.*" He ordered.

West Germany quickly looked up and widened his eyes in surprise, not long after, he went and stood between his sister and father. "*Y-You can't do that! She's having a cold, and it's freezing out there! She won't be able to handle it...*"

"*Do not make things harder, West. You have been a diligent successor until now, I do not wish for you to become terribly ill.*"

West Germany shivered at the cold tone of his father's voice. "*But she is your daughter as well! That means she is also your successor! Wouldn't you want her to be healthy too...?"* He trailed off at the end, choosing to look at Third Reich pleadingly instead.

"*...Who confirms the fact that she's ill? No one-*"

"*Me, I confirm that she's caught a bad cold.*" You cut Third Reich off. Very quickly, he snapped his head at you, glaring daggers.

Around a few minutes later, he finally spoke up. "*Fine, you're spared today, be grateful that L/n is on your side, East.*"

Last Post (not rly)

Hello everyone, this is your author, Jasmine! It is unfortunate for me to inform you all that I have dropped out of the countryhumans fandom, thus giving me zero motivation to continue this book. Me and the co-author, Yuu (yes this account is run by two people haha), had agreed to stop writing this book altogether, and while I leave Wattpad for my studies, Yuu will continue to write on her other account, which had just posted a new book not long ago.

Currently, Yuu isn't on this account anymore. Please accept my most sincere apology for dropping this book so suddenly, especially after a few years of hiatus without a word. I have tried my best to continue writing, yet I can't. If you all still wish to see work from this fandom, I would suggest checking the co-writer's account out: @Yuu_Silver

This book is now formally discontinued, with its last unfinished part published right after this post, and so is the introduction chapter that I made private to not spoil the love interests in the story.

If there are any questions you have regarding the series, please don't hesitate to ask right in the comment section, I will answer to the best of my ability according to the notes I made.

Thank you for your understanding < 3

22. Doomed

Speeches in italic during quest = German

A/n: Uhhh surprise??? Idk guys I JUST GOT PULLED BACK INTO THE FANDOM HELP (i can never escape countryhumans...)

Listen this was written in a splurge of motivation after doomscrolling tiktok at 3AM and fueled completely by coffee so PLEASE forgive any mistakes I might make😩😩😩

so um, super short, because last time i touched this fic was over a year ago and now im trying to close this arc so i can restart (and rebrainstorm where this is gonna go), plus i forgot where i was tryna go anyway IM SORRY-

~~~

The following days were a blur.

Third Reich was hardly ever home. Always off doing god knows what, leaving you home with his two kids, but never without delegating *something* for them to do while he was gone.

Sometimes it was reading books, and he would sometimes quiz them on what they had read when he got home. Sometimes he'd order them to write essays on certain topics. Sometimes he would even lay down his maps and speak of his plans for war, and ask for their input.

West Germany's answers always pleased him. East Germany's... not so much.

"*Can't you learn from your brother, East?*"

"*Sometimes, I think you're more similar to my brother than me, East. And that wasn't a compliment.*"
~~~

"*This is why your brother is my chosen heir, not you.*"

His words always hurt her. She will always return to her room, sobbing, tears streaking her innocent face. And always, West Germany would knock on her doors, timidly, wordlessly, gently, as if fearing being too loud would scare off his sister.

"*Sister...*" He'd murmur against her door, knocking again, this time gentler. A frown on his lips, his eyes brimming with tears.

You wish you could be there for her, too. And you would, if it weren't for Third Reich.

The creepy bastard requested your presence in his office every damn night. And all just to make you sit across from him as he either works on his own papers, or just to look at you for hours before dismissing you and telling you to rest. You can never tell what he was thinking, or what his goal could possibly be. Always that same bored, irritated gaze, always that same annoyed expression, crimson eyes lifting from his papers and boring holes into your face every now and then.

Once, you tried to ask if he needed you for something. Your only answer was a furrow of his brows and a noncommital hum.

In the mornings, it was repetitive, but peaceful, seeing as Third Reich was never home.

You'd have breakfast with the two kids, seeing the childlike smile on East Germany's face once more after Third Reich's words yesterday, listening to them banter over who gets more pretzels and cold cuts. Then you would supervise the two as they do whatever Third Reich ordered them to, observing West Germany helping East Germany whenever she got stuck somewhere, while you do your own thing - perhaps reading something you found in the manor's library.

Then, when the afternoon rolled by, East Germany would tug on your sleeves, a sweet smile on her lips, as she asked whether you wanted to have tea with her.

You never have the heart to tell the girl no. She has dealt with enough, being the daughter of Third Reich.

Over the weeks, you found yourself getting attached to the two Germanys. East Germany, because she is physically weak and you have to tend to her health a lot, plus she was such a sweet and lovable child who stuck to you like glue and was such pleasant company, how could anyone not love her? And West Germany, because he had perfect manners, was a nice kid, and because he would always stand up for his sister as much as he could against their father.

Your relationship with Third Reich, however... has seen zero developments. Hell, you two hardly even talked in the rare times he was home. And you don't want to talk to him, either.

But as days stretched into weeks, and weeks into months, you started to wonder.

Compared to your last two quests, wasn't this stretching on for a tad bit too long?

The main objective simply stated to 'remain alive'. It didn't state for how long, or until when, or give you any indicators of time at all. How much more would you have to be here, share a house with someone you *knew* had committed too many atrocities to be considered human? Hell, the first time you two met was after he probably burned his own brother to death. This man has no love for his children, as far as you could tell. He only favored West Germany because he was a 'perfect' heir, while being far too harsh and ignorant towards East Germany - the 'imperfect' one.

It didn't even help that Third Reich seemed to have a weird liking for you. He listened to what you said, spared East Germany whenever you pleaded for her case, and *always* ordered for you to sit across from him as he worked every night. And yet, he would never speak to you other than the curt, cold questions about what the two kids did while he was away. The closest thing to affection he had given you was the cold, sardonic *Lieblings* whenever you were being a hindrance to what he was trying to do or enforce.

You don't even know if it was romantic, platonic, or just some creepy fascination or obsession he has. And frankly, you were sure you'd rather not know.

You just wanted an out.

...and what an out you've received.

It happened on a snowy night. The winds were howling outside the manor, the moon casting a pale, ominous glow over the gardens outside, the snow has been falling for a few hours, enveloping the city in a bleak white.

You were having dinner with Third Reich and his two kids. And he was quizzing them on what he assigned them today.

Seriously, what else was new?

"*My, that was a pretty smart answer for you, East. Keep up the good work."* He simply spoke while cutting the sausage in half, not glancing twice at how his daughter sighed in relief. "*As for you, West, you made a minor mistake in your answer. A mistake, no matter how trivial, is a mistake still. I want you to write a reflection after this meal. I expect the paper to be on my desk before bedtime.*" Third Reich continued, gaze still fixated on his plate, not bothering to look at his supposed 'favorite' child, even if the boy visibly flinched at being addressed.

"*Yes, father.*" West Germany answered curtly, his tone betraying nothing but obedience.

All three of you could tell Third Reich was in a rather good mood today. Had this been any other day, he'd have punished West Germany more harshly, and East Germany's answer wouldn't have passed his criteria.

But of course, none of you complained.

Then, you picked up your teacup and took a sip, a habit you've formed ever since appearing here for the quest. The tea tasted like any other day. Bleak, slightly bitter, with a somewhat fragrant smell you've grown to like, plus, it was an excellent way to cleanse your

palate before the next course was brought up.

Suddenly, East Germany blinked at you, poked at your arm, and muttered. "*Oh, Y/n... I think that's my teacup, I accidentally placed it near yours, I'm sorry...*"

You wanted to tell her it's fine and apologize, to tell her that you should've looked before just grabbing the teacup like that, and ask the maid to replace a new one for her.

But you never got to.

Your vision became blurry, your throat burning like fire, your head hurting as if someone were repeatedly knocking you with a hammer, your heart feels like it's trying to escape your chest. You're nauseous, in pain, and oddly, very sleepy.

And before you know it, you have collapsed on the floor, your eyelids heavy.

The three Germans were panicking. You could hear East Germany starting to sob. You could somewhat make out West Germany's frantic yells asking what was wrong.

And yet, before your vision faded to black, you could only hear one thing amidst the chaos.

Your name, from Third Reich's lips, in a tone that was panicked, uncertain... and if you weren't delusional, a tinge of worry.

.

When you opened your eyes once more, you were at the present yet again.

Seated in your usual place inside a conference room while UN was delivering some speech and the nations pretending to listen. By your side, Switzerland was absentmindedly chewing on chocolates while playing Candy Smash Saga on his phone under the table.

Your phone vibrated.

It was a notification.

QUEST FAILED: MAIN OBJECTIVE UNSUCCESSFUL

3 quest point(s) awarded for completing two side objectives

2 quest point(s) awarded for unlocking the following hidden achievement(s):

'In Vain, We Sought to Mend': Protect a Countryhuman from the claws of Death, but only for it to be a delay of the inevitable, not a rewritten of Fate.

'To Serve A Dying Star': Fail a quest that was never meant to be completed

By the time you finished reading the pop-up notification, you have realized three things:

One, the quest was one you could never complete. It would go on endlessly until your death, may it be from old age, war, or poison.

Two, the poisoned cup of tea was meant for East Germany.

And three, East Germany was doomed to die either way, one way or another, with or without your interference, whether you had drunk that cup of tea or not.

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Love Interests unlocked: 27(+0)

Quest points: 7

Next quest milestone: 10 points

Routes unlocked: 5(+1)
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23. 'You remind me of someone'

A/n: idk guys i just love gentle and sweet guys and im finna project that shi here (for most of it, cuz this isn't exactly all sunshines and rainbows-)

Also I highly recommend re-reading (if you haven't recently) chapter 18 (1774, Great Britain) before reading this, as there's some references you might be confused about if you don't remember chap18.

Uh I had fun writing this, I hope you guys will enjoy this chapter (and I hope the casual daily life bits were nice and fluffy snippets:P)

TW: Mentions and descriptions of war and related imagery (if any of this triggers you I highly recommend skipping from the transporting notification bit), also some mentions about death in the beginning but it's just referring to the previous chapter

~~~~

After getting through the dull meeting, you found yourself staying behind, even as everyone else filed out of the room, the banter and argument and casual conversations slowly growing further.

It always ended like this. The thick tension in the meeting always carried over until long after it had 'adjourned', and it always made the nations involved a bit less... attentive of others - locked in the heat of the moment, of the historical beef laced in insults thrown against each other.

Moments like these always made you feel the most invisible, though you usually didn't mind; the nations were a handful to interact with.

But today was different.

You had just gone through what felt like *years* of living in the same
~~~~

household with Third Reich, and while his kids were lovely, he was not. And to make it worse, you just died.

You could still practically taste that particular cup of tea on your tongue - was it a bit more bitter than usual? Or sweeter? And with the taste, the horrible sensations everywhere on your body that came after. You are alive now, breathing, well, with no poison in your system, and maybe that was what mattered.

But you had died. And that had been very real.

You've been trying to stomach that fact, as well as properly register all that had happened during the quest, ever since you got back. You were sure you didn't even know what was being discussed in this meeting, despite sitting in here for over 3 hours already.

Switzerland, bless his heart, lingered behind, putting all his papers into binders and collecting his stuff real slow, clearly trying to think of a way to check up on you. You've become so accustomed to being checked up on by Switzerland that you have all his cues engraved in your brain. The way his gaze kept landing on you? The way his smile was a bit less customer-service-y than when he's conversing with the likes of America? And most noticeably, the way he's deliberately trying to linger in the room with you?

He was concerned.

But before the man could get even a word out of his lips, America had already popped back in with a bored look and called for him, saying they had some important stuff to get to before today's shift ended.

You could see a flash of exasperation settle on Switzerland's ever-serene expression, but it left as quickly as it arrived. "...Have a nice day, L/n. Don't work yourself to the bone, okay? My office is always open to you in case you ever need to take a break in secret." He spoke with a half-smile, easily sliding you a chocolate bar he fished from his bag before leaving with America.

You picked up the chocolate and heaved a sigh, taking a small bite before starting to gather your own paperwork and preparing to

head back to your office. After all, the world goes on, and you still have plenty of work to be done.

"Tough day, huh? I get it, I wouldn't be stuck in a 5-hour-long meeting about taxes and trade if I could help it, either." A warm, sweet voice almost startled you as your mind was pulled back to reality. You honestly didn't expect anyone to still linger in this room, and it wasn't like you were paying attention to your surroundings, either.

Turning around, you were met with Canada. Fluffy, somewhat messy red hair that he somehow makes look good. Amber eyes crinkled in sympathy and understanding as his gaze quickly swept over your face. His lips curled into a small grin as he gestured to the pile of paper you were organizing. "You're heading to your office, yeah? Let me help with these, I'm sure the hours of non-stop arguing about taxes must've worn you out."

Without waiting for you to protest, Canada easily picked up the papers, binders, and almost everything else on the table, leaving only some pens and a stapler for you to carry. While he misunderstood why you looked so down, you were eternally grateful for his help.

Not to mention the warm smile he was giving you right now as he strolled to the door? It was nothing but endearing. It was the kind of smile that conveys 'hey, I've got your back, just relax and let me do this' without any unnecessary words. Plus, Canada was easy on the eyes, and that certainly helped your mood a lot.

You two walked in comfortable silence to your office. Canada's gaze kept flickering to you every now and then, but he didn't say anything, opting to hum softly under his breath to fill the silence.

After dropping the files on your desk, he took a swift glance at his watch, and instead of bidding goodbye like you expected him to, Canada spoke up again, that same smile present on his face once again.

"...It's passed lunch break, huh? You wanna grab a bite with me? I mean... no pressure, of course, but I figured you wouldn't get a

penalty if you went out with me during work hours..." His words trailed off as his eyes suddenly decided the floor was interesting to look at, and one of his hands raised to rub his neck.

As for you... You certainly do need something nice to fill your stomach, and seeing as lunch break is over, your best bet of going out to eat right now without suffering any consequences would be going with a Countryhuman.

And your solution was currently volunteering.

"You're too kind to me, sir. But I'd love that." You smiled, not missing the way the Canadian visibly brightened at your answer. With a dismissive wave of his hand and a soft, satisfied grin creeping to his lips, he gestured to the door.

"Nonsense, there's nothing such as 'too kind'... *if it's you*. Also, drop the sir, aren't we friends or something?"

You two went and got seated in a nearby bistro. Despite being quite talkative during your brief walk, Canada ate in silence, gaze trained on his food as if his life depended on it.

Hence, you started the conversation. "You don't talk much while eating, huh?" You mused, taking a sip of your water. Canada looked up at your words, his pupils widening slightly, a small chuckle leaving his lips as he placed his utensils down.

"Mhm. It's a habit I picked up when I still lived with Britain... and never quite rid of." He spoke softly and leaned forward, chin in his palm, while you continued to eat. When you pointed out that his food was going to get cold if he didn't finish it soon, he merely shook his head. "Oh, it's fine, I'm already full," his eyes briefly flickered to the half-empty dish before returning to meet yours again, "thanks for telling me, though." You didn't want to appear overbearing, so you left it at that.

Partially, since Canada was still, technically, one of your superiors in your line of work.

The walk back was even more pleasant than earlier, though you

suspect it was because now you were walking with a satisfied stomach. Canada, as always, was striking up conversations with you on countless completely unrelated topics, as if he spoke whatever he was thinking. But you didn't mind.

"You know, I once saw America and Australia wrestling each other because they couldn't settle on who's the stronger one. Don't tell them... but I totally have it on record, and I totally laugh at them."

"Oh, before I forget, try to... keep distance from North Korea for a while, I think he's in one of his moods, and I'd rather you not get caught in the crossfire."

"Look at that shop across the street, there's a cute cat, I wish I could-"

"The weather is actually-"

"Hm, why don't we trade numbers? In fact, it's rather criminal you've yet to have my number."

You suddenly stopped dead in your tracks, turning to face Canada. He was beaming sweetly, holding out his phone to you, amber eyes practically sparkling at you.

While you'd never say no to that smile, you couldn't help but wonder.

Did anything happen during the months your consciousness was stuck in the past? Because you swore you and Canada weren't this close before your soul got sucked into Germany's childhood years.

Or was he like this with everyone? And you were just overthinking this?

Regardless, you swapped numbers with Canada, heart stuttering a bit at the way his gorgeous face seemed to brighten more than it already was at your agreement. Has he always been this sweet? And handsome? Goddamn it, you can't afford any more puppy crushes with these nations, you still have to seek the True Ending and get home, out of this... world. This wasn't even a real world; you found the need to remind yourself; this was just a game you bought and

somehow got sucked into on one random night. None of the Countryhumans are real. None of this is real. Not the way your heart clenches every time one of these non-humans smiles at you. Nor the way your body felt like it was on fire when you drank that poisoned tea.

And you need to get home. To get away from all these carefully curated lies. All these feelings that felt real but were nothing but... a figment of imagination? Hallucinations? Dark magic, even? You still have no idea how and why all this happened to you, but you'll gladly ignore all of that if you could just return home.

But do you really want to?

Before you could spiral further, your phone vibrated, pulling you from your own thoughts yet again.

Canada had walked you back to your office and left promptly after. They always had something to do, running the country and all that.

When you picked up your phone, you were rather surprised to find multiple texts from different people... and even a notification from the app version of the bane of your existence - '*Love or Work*', the very thing that's been giving you quests and info about this supposed game world.

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Confoederatio Helvetica

Hey Y/n. I hope you're doing well. You seemed a bit off earlier. I wished I could've stayed with you and checked on your well-being.

...not that I don't trust you

But sometimes it's okay to take off days and

Yeah you get what I mean

I hope

...
~~~~

Confoederatio Helvetica changed his nickname into Switzerland

For easier navigation in your contacts, haha

Take care Y/n. I'll swing by and drop some stuff later once I'm done with my current stuff

Canada

hi c:

im just testing this out honestly so dont mind me

im not even supposed to be on my phone lol

anw take care of urself and byeee

Rzeczpospolita Polska

Um hey there I hope I got the correct number

This is Y/n right? UN's assistant?

Its Poland, were friends, rmb??

Uhm pls come to meeting room 8 floor 12

Theres

A crisis

Pls come help im gonna die

DONT BRING ANYONE EITHER PLS

~~~~

Well, you supposed there's never a dull moment working in this building. Standing up and pocketing your phone, completely ignoring the notification from '*Love or Work*'.

Time to see what this crisis Poland was speaking of was all about.
~~~~

'Love or Work' has a new notification!

When you arrived at Poland's location, you were greeted with the sight of Poland and Kazakhstan, standing and clearly arguing by the meeting room's door.

But what really caught your attention was the pair of wings on Poland's back. What used to be two gorgeous, white as snow wings, were now bright, hot pink, with bright, sparkly glitter all over.

The said nation soon noticed your presence and waved at you, grabbing your attention with ease.

"Oh, Y/n, hey! Glad you came, 'cause I *swear* if Kazakhstan gave me the wrong number... Ugh doesn't matter, can you come and take a look for a bit, please? I don't trust Kazakhstan." Poland pouted as one of his wings shifted slightly towards your direction, the other one poking at Kazakhstan's face. The other country only laughed and backed away a little.

"Woah, hey man! I already apologized... plus it was you who asked me to give ya wings a makeover..." Kazakhstan grinned, entirely not feeling guilty at all, raised both his hands up and continued speaking in a tone that can only be described as *trying* to sound guilty. "If it makes you feel better... I can dye mine too? Glitter and all too? I mean..."

"...dla miłości z Boga. It's fine Kaz, I don't need to- I don't want to look at two pairs of bright pink glittery wings anyways." Poland sighed, seemingly exasperated but not actually annoyed. "Uh, Y/n, mind trying to wipe the paint off my wings with a cloth and some alcohol? I don't trust Kazakhstan." He jerked his head at said Asian country, who held out both his hands for you to see.

...they're covered in bright pink paint, the glitter gleaming under the office lights. The golden wings behind his back had streaks of pink and spots of glitter on them, too. An empty barrel of paint rolled to your feet. Sparing it a quick glance, you had to pause and do a double check.

This paint was advertised as *indestructible* paint.

Okay, no need to cause unnecessary panic, you thought to yourself, subtly kicking the barrel to the corner of the room while Poland and Kazakhstan resumed arguing about the pink paint in the background.

"So, um, why'd you call me? Do I look like I have expertise in dealing with wings...?" Your voice caused the two winged nations to snap their heads back to you. Kazakhstan only shrugged and mimed a 'it was his idea', flinching a little when Poland punched his arm, sniffing dramatically.

Then, when Poland shifted his attention back to you, he looked a bit... sheepish, his cheeks tinted pink. "I... I'll admit, I panicked a bit. Didn't really want anyone else seeing me like this, so... I thought about asking for your help."

So, you did end up spending your entire afternoon trying your best, along with Kazakhstan, to get all the paint and glitter off Poland's white wings. It was actually much nicer than all the stuff you usually do - reading reports, proofreading meeting minutes, reading fisheries agreements decades ago to cross-check with particular documents, etc. Poland's wings were soft to the touch, clearly well-groomed, and smelled faintly of lavender. Thankfully, most of the paint did come off after being wiped with soap and a wet cloth, much to Poland's relief.

You guys had a fairly nice conversation, too, even if it was mostly thanks to Kazakhstan and his silly conversation starters.

"...So did you guys know, due to human artificial selection, dogs are evolving eyebrows."

"That is *not* how you start a conversation, Kazakhstan, but that's cool? I guess?"

"Prawns are cannibals."

"...I did not need to know that. Kindly shut up, Kaz."

And well, Poland was slowly losing it over Kazakhstan's conversation starters. But aside from the occasional volatile bursts

from Poland, you three bonded quite well. You wanted to ask how Poland and Kazakhstan came to befriend each other, but decided against it and just kept going along with them.

It was nice to just... enjoy the present and not have to worry about anything.

By the time Poland and Kazakhstan decided to bid you farewell, the sky was already bleeding orange. Though, they only did it for your sake, seeing as Poland will still be here for a meeting with EU, and Kazakhstan... just has a habit of staying if his siblings were staying. And frankly, Russia and Belarus were arguing quite heatedly with Ukraine for a while now, according to him.

Reluctantly, you parted with the two nations and returned to your office, clearing up your desk and preparing to go home. There was a small assortment of various chocolates, honey candies, and even some medicine on your table. Next to it, a small note saying '*Take care of yourself more, from, Switz<3*'.

Now, while you were used to being given free stuff by the Swiss, the heart was a new one. Not that you paid it any mind, he seemed quite an affectionate person. Rather, the freebies reminded you that you still haven't replied to Switzerland's and Canada's texts, and so you did exactly that, easily using being buried under paperwork as an excuse for your untimely reply.

On your way down to where your usual parking spot is, you stumbled into America. Again.

"Hey, doll," his smooth voice was easy to pick up in such a quiet place, "can we talk for a bit? Our last private conversation... didn't exactly go where I had wanted it to." He flashed you a self-assured, suave grin, arms crossed as he leaned against a nearby pillar. "It'll be brief, I promise. Hell, we can just have it here. So, indulge me a little, yeah?"

You heaved a small sigh and looked at him with what you hoped was unwillingness, before murmuring an agreement. To which his grin only deepened.

America hummed a little before taking off his sunglasses, blue eyes peering into yours. "Have I ever told you that you reminded me of someone?" He tilted his head, expression schooled into a contemplative one. "Oh wait, I think I've said that already. Still, my point stands. You're... oddly familiar, now that I'm getting a good look at you." He hummed and squinted his eyes a little.

"...it's like you're a carbon copy of someone I knew from my youth."

With zero idea how to run away from this conversation without looking suspicious, you were praying and sweating internally, all while smiling up at America. "...I hope it's not anything bad?" His eyes widened a bit at your words, then his lips tilted upwards slightly into somewhat of a mischievous smirk.

"Oh no. Certainly not. That person and I... were *great friends*."

That was a lie, and he knew it. But you couldn't call him out without revealing yourself, so you only nodded along and said nothing. It was a normal reaction, right? Much to your relief, America merely hummed noncommittally towards you and continued to speak - something about how similar he believed you were to the one he was referring to.

Just as you thought you were going to have to listen to the superpower talk about his first lover till midnight, someone finally came to your rescue.

"America. You seem to have free time on your hands? Why don't you look for Russia to resolve that little tax conflict of yours? He should still be in his office at this hour." The voice was sweet, almost musical to your ears, though the tone was more of an order than a suggestion. It belonged to no other than United Nations, of course. He was smiling sweetly, sky blue eyes crinkling with mirth, aimed directly at America. America, on the other hand, for all his power over the UN, still had to respect the winged organization to some degree. And so, with a small huff, a side glance at the organization, and a smile and a wave at you, America turned on his heels and left.

Both you and UN watched as America strolled back to the building,

not a word exchanged between you two. Finally, UN broke the silence first. "...You should go home, I don't recall delegating a night shift to you tonight. And there's no need for you to follow the nations in overworking yourself, either." He said it with such a serene smile, you swore your heart stuttered for a beat.

That night, after having a nice dinner outside, you retreated to your lovely home, changed into your most comfy clothes, and watched Netflix while munching on store-bought popcorn and brightly-colored soda. This was your favorite part of the day - away from all the politics and paperwork at the UN HQ, away from all the barbed jokes or veiled threats of the nations directed at one another, and away from all the people who could undo your life with a command, yet don't act like it.

As you were halfway through an episode of Dr. House, your phone buzzed. It was a text from Romania, simply telling you to 'look outside your window', written in such a formal way for DM-ing someone that it sounded ominous. And maybe you were not exactly in your right state of mind, but you did abandon your couch and walk to your window and take a look outside.

You didn't even know what you were looking for for a solid five minutes, until Romania suddenly dropped upside down with a bright grin that perfectly showcases his sharp fangs.

"Boo."

"...Really? Aren't you supposed to be working?" You deadpanned, opening the window to let the vampire in, which he quickly did. The man was in a suit and a tie, the typical politician regalia, except he now had an *entirely unnecessary* long black outer cape that was completely engulfing his frame.

Maybe he was finally committing to the vampire part.

"Psht, I *am* working. Working on annoying you, iubi." He grinned and flipped his cape dramatically, the tiny bat wings behind his ears fluttering a bit when he turned to face you. Before you could launch into an entire diplomatic speech about personal space and trespassing on personal property, Romania dropped the next bomb.

"What'd ya do to 'Murica anyway? That guy was asking about ya pretty seriously earlier. You beat up his siblings or something?" Romania hummed, entirely unbothered as he checked your fridge, snacking on any edible thing he found. You, on the other hand, were having an internal crisis.

"What'd he even ask you about?" You managed.

Romania shrugged, mouth full of some candy bars you hid inside the drawers. "Dunno. Something about your background, I guess? Your family, you nationality, how you came to NYC and started working with us, the likes." The vampire chugged down an entire bottle of soda before continuing. "Said something about how UN was too tight-lipped, so he tried his luck with me, since we're friends and all, too. Weird, ain't it?"

Meanwhile, in UN's grand office, the UN HQ

"This is... certainly strange," the winged organization muttered to himself, "I can find nothing, even if there has to be something on them." He has been at this for 3 hours, and those were three hours too long.

United Nations was an orderly man, after all, how else would he be able to parent the chaos that was the nations? Hence, if something is missing while under his jurisdiction, it could only mean one of two things–what he has been looking for was stolen from his grasp, or, if it had never existed in the first place.

And neither seemed correct right now.

This wasn't anything valuable, at least, compared to the other stuff UN had in his possession. And, UN was sure it existed, because how else would you be working in the Headquarters right now? Which then again, leads him back to his current headache.

Who were you, really? What was your background? Or, genuinely, just *anything* regarding your backstory at all would suffice. It was because of America's question earlier that gotten UN into this mess, as he suddenly realized he remembered nothing about you. And UN liked knowing his subordinates.

"...Odd," UN muttered to himself, eyes sweeping across the stacks of papers he's looked through already, dove wings fluttering slightly behind his back.

Back to your POV

Romania has probably cleared out your fridge already, and was now lounging on your couch and switching through your TV channels like he was in the comforts of his home, hands still putting your popcorn in his mouth rhythmically. "So... L/n, got any more snacks you're hiding? I'm still kinda hungry."

This was the leader of a nation, you had to remind yourself. You wouldn't want to get into unneeded trouble by throwing out an international-level politician.

Then, Romania suddenly bolted up from your couch, eyes fixed on his phone, with a screech of what you assumed was giddy happiness. His next words were so fast that they almost sounded imperceptible, something about 'gotta go' and 'Bulgaria landed' and 'UN finally let her return to HQ'.

He didn't even give you time to react before literally jumping out of your window and... transforming into a bat?

That was cool, kinda makes up for the fact he can't go out in the mornings.

And so, you settled back on your couch, switching your chosen show back on, and curled into your fluffiest blanket. Though you might have to order some takeout because Romania had already emptied all your drawers and cupboards of food.

You fell asleep at around 2 AM, sleeping soundly on the couch, the TV still playing faintly in the background, further luring you into a deep slumber.

Little did you know, in the dead of night, your phone buzzed twice.

'Love or Work' has 2 new notifications!

'A new quest will be starting soon. Make your preparations.'

A quest point awarded for unlocking the following hidden achievement:

'The Dissenting Quintet': Incite enough distrust to place five on high alert. The ending you seek is no longer the one you'll find.

You woke up to the sounds of the busy city–cars honking, the loud noises of countless engines, and a myriad of other noises blending into one perpetually annoying symphony. Groaning, you treaded lazily to the window and shut it close, drawing the blinds, allowing darkness to consume your living room. It was Saturday, and you really couldn't care less about anything but your sleep right now, being groggy and annoyed. Your feet carried you back to your bedroom, and the moment your back hit the soft mattress, you passed out.

Unbeknownst to you, your phone buzzed, once again.

'Love or Work' has a new notification!

'Transporting the host to the next quest...'

'Success! Current location: ???, ???'

"What do we even do with them?"

"Uh, I don't know? Leave them be?"

"Frederick, are you dumb? This could be– This could be an enemy or something!"

"Man, this place is a battlefield. We're at war! Commander wouldn't want another useless mouth to feed, especially not one from the other side."

"Ugh. What if they're a civilian?!"

"Oh, huh, yeah. That's fair. We don't know French though. How are we gonna tell 'em we just wanna take 'em back to base to our commander?"

"You've got hands– Oh wait they're waking up, shh."

You were woken up by two male voices bickering above your head. Just as you were about to scream 'intruder' and do something reckless, your senses hit you like a brick.

You were *not* lying on your beloved, soft bed. And this was not the pleasant smell of your room either. You were lying on something rock hard, the ground, perhaps? And invading your sense of smell was unmistakably a mix between something earthy and a metallic, tangy smell - dirt and gunpowder, you believed. Your head was hurting like hell, and your entire body felt as if it had gone through a 12-hour marathon session.

When you finally opened your eyes despite the blazing, blinding sun, you were met with two men in bloodied, worn-out, and dirtied military uniforms, rifles slung behind their backs. As soon as they saw your eyes on them, the pair immediately straightened up, one of them holding out a hand to you.

"The hell are you doing, Frederick?" The other guy raised a brow at his friend, 'Frederick', gaze traveling from you to his companion, and repeated countless times.

"...uh, giving 'em a hand?" Frederick deadpanned. "Anyway, Edward, don't you know French or something? Try communicating with them." He jerked his chin towards you, eyes still trained on 'Edward'.

"I said I barely know much! Whatever," Edward turned to you, a hand scratching his head, "uh... *Parlez-vous anglais*?" He spoke in terribly accented French, eyes already avoiding yours, as if afraid you'd start fixing his pronunciation.

"...I do speak English." You finally answered just as you extended your hand to grab Frederick's, the man easily pulled you up to your feet. It took a minute for your words to register, because their shoulders loosened a bit.

"Great! Makes this easier. We gotta get you back to our commander, okay? Friend or foe, soldier or civilian, let's go." Frederick spoke with ease, his grasp of your wrist firm - not much to be uncomfortable, but enough for you to know not to try anything

funny.

"...Be easy on them, Fred. I'm sure they can see we got our pew-pews." Edward joked, gaze drifting to yours for a brief moment, clearly trying to lighten the situation for you.

And so, you walked with them. Or rather, let yourself be pulled forward by Frederick, while Edward walked behind you both, watching you, posture a bit restless.

By now, you were sure. This was probably yet another quest this wretched game decided to put you through. Judging from how these two immediately tried French with you, you'd guess you were in France, with an ongoing war of some kind. Then again, they were clearly not French either. And their accent did not sound British, so you were at a loss for now.

If only you had studied your history better. Then maybe you'd know exactly where or when you are, or at least have a good guess at what's going on, too.

The two men led you across a barren, bleak field. You were sure this place was a forest, or something resembling one, before it was scorched by gunfire and ended up looking like the unlivable wasteland you were treading on now. The three of you passed by some of the men's fellow officers, to which Edward did all the talking, while Frederick kept his gaze on you at all times despite still gripping your wrist. Unfortunately, you couldn't hear what Edward said to the other soldiers, which made you completely oblivious to what was transpiring.

You knew they were talking about something related to you, from the way Edward and whoever he was talking to kept glancing at you every now and then. But then they'd salute each other, and Edward and Frederick would keep leading you forward, so you suppose it was all working out.

Soon enough, you found yourself underground. In some kind of tunnel, you guessed. The walls were moist, the roof dripping water, and in the air was a heavy, vehement stench of damp earth, blood, gunpowder, something heavily garlic-scented, and much more

unpleasant things you'd rather not name.

Such as the foul smell of decomposing flesh, which you were sure wasn't from animals, and the unbearable reek of unwashed men and open latrines.

Edward and Frederick looked entirely unfazed, as if they were so used to the smell that it brought out no reaction from them anymore, not even a scrunch of their nose.

They led you through the narrow corridors of the tunnels, passing by a few smaller passages that they told you not to worry about. Not that you could, seeing as how the entire place was so dimly lit, it barely felt brighter than moonlight.

And for someone so used to light pollution in the 21st century like you... It practically rendered you blind in here.

When you passed what you assumed was a medical 'room' - though the term was a bit pushing, based on the many men in uniform who either lay on the ground or sat up, the blood seeping through their clothes, and the men with the Red Cross insignia on their armbands, running around and tending to the wounded soldiers. The stench of blood was much more prominent here, but so was alcohol and sterilized metal. You found it pretty fitting.

"I gotta go check something a bit. Keep bringing 'em to Commander, Ed." Frederick finally let go of you and walked inside the combat medics' quarters. Edward, who was now beside you, merely jerked his thumb forward and motioned for you both to continue.

"Let's not keep the Commander waiting. He's not... exactly patient."

Just as your legs were about to give up, Edward halted abruptly before a small side passageway - one with a hastily-made door from a piece of wood. Edward cleared his throat before knocking on the wood three times.

"Come in."

It was hard to discern the voice from inside the room, though you had a feeling you'd heard this particular voice before.

Edward rigidly stepped in, but not before mouthing to you a barely audible 'stay here, don't do anything reckless' before closing the piece of wood.

It wasn't very useful, as you could still hear pieces of what was being conversed behind the dirt and stone walls.

"Sir. Private Wilson, reporting."

"At ease. This is about the 'civilian' you found, correct?" That voice again. You swore you knew who that voice belonged to, yet you just couldn't put a finger on it.

"Sir, yes sir!"

"So I've heard. Bring them in and you're dismissed."

"Yes sir."

And then, Edward stepped out, breathed a sigh of relief, and looked at you. "You can come in now. Just uh... don't tick him off. Can't guarantee your life if you do... I'll be out here though, don't worry." He gave you an attempt at a reassuring smile, and gave you two thumbs up.

Breathing out a small breath, you finally stepped in.

Inside was nothing but some shelves for books and other miscellaneous items, a wooden desk, and a wooden chair. A man was standing, his back facing you, polishing a rifle.

His windswept crimson hair reminded you of a few nations, and especially a specific old nation you've recently met in your last quest.

Thankfully, his uniform was vastly different, and you were sure the voice wasn't the same. And well... this guy spoke English.

And then he spoke up.

"My men said you weren't a German. Which is good," he hummed softly under his breathe, "well, regardless, you'd find that we don't

feed those who cannot contribute. So what'll be? Infantrymen? The medics? The sappers? Maybe a more specialized role? We lack in every front, just take your pick."

Before you could make even wilder guesses about who this nation was, he abruptly turned around. He was handsome, very much so, and the way those amber eyes were looking at you was nothing short of mesmerizing.

Except, you quickly recognized that face. How could you not?

Though it seemed, he recognized you as well.

"...*Interesting*. You are oddly familiar to someone I knew from my youth." The words came out coldly, though his lips curled up into a half-smirk, conveying both intrigued and something between sardonicism and arrogance.

This was Canada. Or more specifically, reading from the name tag on his uniform, the *Dominion of Canada*.

And judging from his name, his flag - which you remembered was later on called the Canadian Red Ensign in the records, and the fact that Canada was on *French* soil... your best guess was that you were trapped in the middle of a World War.

And from the lack of modernization in weapons and other utilities in war, as well as the garlic stench you smelled earlier that now reminded you of what gas warfare was described as... You knew you were stuck in World War One.

And stuck with Canada, no less. The very one who was vicious enough that people claimed he introduced new war crimes for the world to ban when the Geneva Conventions were introduced.

"Have a seat. I believe we have much to discuss. After all, you are the *first* I've seen to bear such resemblance to them."

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Love Interests unlocked: 27(+0)
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Quest points: 8

Next quest milestone: 10 points

Routes unlocked: 5(+0)

♡Valentine's Day Special♡

A/n: Kinda late for some of y'all's timezones because I totally forgot the date till it was almost evening lmao. Happy Valentine's. No promises but the next chapter is being proofread so... hopefully published soon.

Featuring: a few modern countries... and two nations from the past, who were canonically your romantic entanglement of some sorts by this book's lore.

Happy reading ♥

SOME of the Love Interests and their response to a love letter from you placed on their desk (plus a few small gifts) on Valentine's Day morning

Including: The letter from them itself and just a short drabble of whatever came to my mind (except for Thirteen Colonies and Weimar - one's just past America and the other is dead, so...)

America

"Oh my, ain't this a pleasant surprise you've granted me? I must say, I definitely did not expect to find a letter from you on my table this morning, paired with chocolates no less. Though, next time, how about we do it face-to-face? Gives it a much more... intimate feel, does it not? And I'd say getting to see your radiant face would've made the entire ordeal infinitely more rewarding to me. Regardless, I'd best return the lovely favor. Hope you'll like my little gift, doll. Perhaps visit my office when your hours are done? We can share a glass or two, if you'd like. I'll be saving my best bottle for you. So don't keep me waiting, sweetheart."

A bottle of fine whiskey sat idly on your table, wrapped neatly with a red ribbon. Beside it lay a bouquet of roses — red, white, and blue, his flag's colors. America for sure loves his liquor and his colors in equal reverence. Though with a sip of the bottle he had

placed on your table, you had to admit he had excellent taste. And knowing the charming man, you were quite sure that his little offer of sharing a bottle wine could easily lead to something more personal - dinner, perhaps, could even lead to you finding a more truthful side to the man than his usual facade. Perhaps you might really take America up on his offer, after all.

Russia

"I hope you don't think this letter a cowardly act. I had considered seeking you in person, but this seemed more appropriate seeing that it was, after all, how you sought me out in the first place. The sweets were lovely, I enjoyed them a lot. Not that I ate everything at once, obviously. I'm sure you, too, will agree that the finer things in life are supposed to be savored properly. I didn't know what would be an adequate recompense, so I hope this will suffice. If you wish, we can even visit somewhere later. Just us, no one in between."

Vibrant sunflowers, bundled up with silk ribbons, were beautifully arranged in a vase that wasn't there before on your office desk. Russia has never been that generous with his words, so you figured a letter might've actually ended up being the better response coming from him. The sunflowers were a nice touch to your otherwise somewhat empty office, and the vase looked exquisite, almost out of place in the minimalistic room. However, that isn't the focus now, is it? You should start thinking about where to go with Russia already, although you were sure that he'd agree to wherever you suggest, regardless.

China

"I find myself endlessly flattered by your actions, my dear. Are you sure you've placed those delightful tributes on the right man's desk? If yes, then I shall gladly accept. Maybe expect a package or two on White Valentine's Day, or however you mortals like to call it, I'm willing to indulge. If not, then too bad, because those chocolates were a delicacy. Regrettably, I am very saddened to, but find myself having inform you that I do not take lovers, or anything of the sort... but you could always be the pioneer. On a side note, I sincerely extend the hope that the tea blend is to your taste,

dearest. And if it's not too much of a hassle, how about we spend the evening together? Why, I'd even let you choose the 'hangout spots'. Sounds fair, no?"

Out of everything you've thought of, you didn't expect to find a box of tea leaves, the very same blend that China has his men personally grow and make in a specific way for him. But in hindsight, maybe it wasn't that much of a surprise. You've tried this tea a few times or so, whenever you had the courtesy of sharing tea with China, and might've praised it a bit too enthusiastically every time... China is many things, and being a very attentive person is one of his greater strengths. Brewing up a pot of tea, the refined fragrance immediately engulfed your room, once again reminding you of the man it belonged to. Soon enough, you'd see him in person, you were sure of that, and yet you found yourself missing that full-of-himself smirk already.

France

"Above all else, I must commend your taste in chocolate. The box you have gifted me, albeit a rather bold choice, were rather exquisite. That aside, mon ami, I find myself... bewildered, yet pleasantly so. I hadn't expected to be the subject of your affections, and certainly not for it to be expressed so clearly, unabashedly, towards me. I admit, I might be just the slightest bit of a coward when it comes to this. I, however, fully intend to fix this grave mistake of mine. How about a romantic dinner? Then, mayhaps, we could simply walk and enjoy the city's nightlife together? Would you like that, mon cœur?"

The letter was neatly sealed in an envelope, lightly perfumed with a scent you were fairly sure was France's own. On top of it, before you eventually picked it up to read, was a lovely bouquet of cherry red roses, bundled nicely in light pink silk. By its side, a small box of dark chocolates. A bit ironic, considering you vividly remember France having a sweet tooth. Humming softly to yourself, you took a small bite. And voila, as expected of his palate, a taste so refined you could cry tears of joy. Not yet, though, seeing as you still have an invitation from France himself that you've yet to answer. And who knows, it might just be the very push needed to solidify this little sweet unnamed thing that's been between you two for weeks.

Brunei

"I adore you, I really do! But next time, please, is it okay if you leave things like this in a more discreet location...? Malaysia got to this lovely letter of yours before I did and read it to every ASEAN nation in the room (which is, frankly, everyone...). So I think it's safe to say we're kind of a public thing now, haha... That aside, I wholeheartedly thank you for the lovely flowers and the... sweet words you gave me in your letter. I hope you find my little gift a fitting reciprocation. Of course, it would be unseemly to end Valentine's like that, no? So I propose we go out this evening: tour the city, have dinner somewhere fancy, maybe a little shopping spree or two,... and we end the day with going stargazing! Would that be nice, my beloved?"

A box of chocolate wrapped in red ribbon lay on your table, flanked by a bouquet of lilies and carnations and a small velvet box containing a simple silver bracelet. Brunei has always been a generous man, you knew this, and still... You had a hunch that this would be your Valentine's gift regardless of your letter to him or not, but that was another day's thought. Shutting your laptop down and clearing your desk, maybe it's about time you seek him out to answer his little proposal, isn't it?

Poland

"First things first, I must admit one thing, you're either very dumb, or very wrong in the head to even think about... something like that with me, out of all people. But nevertheless, you have good taste, just a very questionable one. If that makes sense. The chocolates were really good. And, don't tell anyone this, I blushed when reading your letter. You're bold. Though that's a fact everyone knows, heh. I placed something in your drawer. Don't forget to check it out. I do hope it's to your liking, but do let me know if it's not. Drop by my office later, we can just hang out, and maybe plan our evening outing, too. Valentine's oughtta be more exciting somehow, don't you agree?"

Hidden in your drawer was a box of donuts. If you guessed correctly, you believed they're homemade. And the little 'eat everything or i'll be mad' scribble signed by Poland just seemed to

reinforce that theory. You never knew he could bake, or even thought about him baking before. Those large, looming wings of his always seemed to be such an annoyance for such tasks. They tasted amazing, though. Just the right amount of sweetness, a faint hint of butter and vanilla... Maybe you'll ask him to bake for you more. And what better way to do that than by making him your boyfriend?

Germany

"Thank you for your kind words and generous gift. I have always suspected you were too nice for your own good, and turns out, I was correct, as usual. I was also planning to give you something for Valentine's, but unfortunately, you had beaten me to it first. Nonetheless, I hope you find the gifts I've prepared to your tastes. I did my best to make sure they were as niche-less as they could be. Though, on a side note, I'm still a bit appalled by this. Sometimes I cannot help but think you really are an angel sent by the heavens to brighten my dull existence. I'd compare you to my sister, but that would be a really weird and unfitting comparison, so I do hope you understand what I'm trying to convey. I'll drop by later, maybe we can talk face-to-face, because I'm really horrible at this."

In the envelope where your letter was carefully sealed, a small, unassuming check slipped out. A hefty sum of a couple of thousand euros, no less. Some would call this unromantic, some would even call it too blunt. And even while you were still deciding on how to think, you must agree that it was a very Germany-like move. Like, of course, he would just write a check instead of buying something, you could practically see it coming from miles away. Maybe you still want something mildly sweet from him. And, well... he said he'll find you soon enough. And they always say, in a relationship, communication is key, no?

Canada

"Did you really mean it? What you wrote? Because I am blushing. And if you were just playing around with me I'd be devastated. But you would never do that, would you? That's part of why I just adore you. The chocolates were immaculate, I trust you put a lot of thought in picking those out. And also the flowers you picked look

absolutely magnificent in my office, by the way. I'll bring them home later to admire them more thoroughly. They are, after all, my first Valentine's gift from you ♥ I sure hope what I picked wasn't too horrible, so you see, it's kind of my first time doing all this. Ah, right, I can pick you up from your office later and we'll figure out a date from there? Just think up what you wanna do, because I'm a really indecisive fella. I'm up for anything so long as you're doing it with me, love."

A mixed bouquet of bright-colored flowers sat on your desk, bundled in an amber wrapping, delicately tied with gold ribbons. Next to it, a cup of coffee sat snugly, steam rising to the ceiling. What surprised you most had to be the slice of red velvet cake and a basket of fries. It was such an unlikely combination that you had to stifle a laugh the moment you really registered it. Maybe he really was telling the truth, the part where this is his first time. Still, it was endearing to see. And you two still had a lot of time together for you both to learn the hang of it.

Switzerland

"Your letter was certainly not what I expected to find on the desk when I entered my office this morning, but it was such a pleasant surprise that I find myself giddy until who-knows-when. Please don't use that against me, I had debated for nearly an hour before writing that down for you. Anyways. Chocolates, really? I'm sure you know that I, out of every country in this building, am probably the last nation in need of more chocolates? I didn't mean that negatively, though, just a rather amused thought of mine. Seriously, Liebling, I really adore your train of thought, however that went. Also, I must admit, you have rather fine tastes for chocolate, I find myself enjoying it quite a bunch. And the flowers were lovely. Not as lovely as you, of course. Courtesy aside, I'll be frank. I find a mere letter inadequate in conveying all my thoughts and feelings about this little situation you've put me in, so I believe we truly should have a tiny heart-to-heart conversation soon. Preferably lunch break. Earlier if possible. But of course, I wouldn't wish to impose myself upon you, so come seek me out whenever you wish. You know my doors are always open to you."

Homemade chocolate - the one made by Switzerland himself, the

one you love and got to eat all the time just by sitting next to him in meetings, were placed with care and wrapped mindfully in a paper box, doodled with his flag and a his name written in cursive with a teeny tiny heart next to it, any less attention and you might've even missed it. They tasted just as you remember. Sweetened just the right amount, with a faint bitter hint of refined cocoa beans. The texture basically melting on the tip of your tongue. One box simply just wasn't enough. But... there's a very easy remedy for that. And Switzerland himself even unknowingly mentioned it in his letter. Do seek him out soon, won't you?

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Thirteen Colonies

"Pray, what possessed you to place that letter on my desk with such reckless abandon?! Have you no apprehension of the consequences? What if British Empire found it before I did? Then I'd be condemned to an hour-long lecture of him on the impropriety of distracting you from your 'noble and indispensable' service. Or worse, what if British North America sees it?! I'm supposed to be his cool elder brother, you know? In truth... for the one who bears the august title of Royal Advisor, you conduct yourself with a levity most alarming... Take precautions, by associating with 'the likes of me', you imperil not only your esteemed position, but perhaps even your very head. Still, I... guess I feel the same, but let's converse later. Tonight, in the gardens, perhaps, because I'm already on my wits' end just to sneakily write this and place it in your office. Until the evening, then!"

Weimar Republic

"My dearest spouse, I must say the letter you so sneakily slipped inside my office this morning was most pleasant to find. You see, I hadn't expected you to partake in a day so... unfitting for a married couple such as us, but I cannot deny that it had brought a great satisfaction upon me. However, I simply refuse to be outdone by you, because I am the supposedly sappy romantic between the two of us. So prepare something nice to wear. I'll take you out tonight

the moment I get freed from my horrendous position, and hopefully, manage to sweep you off your feet once again. Until then, mein Schatz."

24. C A

After sitting in silence, your eyes locked on each other for a solid ten minutes, Dominion of Canada finally spoke first. "...You can report to the medics for now, you don't strike me as someone who can hold a rifle," he paused for a second, "do you have any prior experience with medical stuff?" As you shook your head, Canada's face fell, though he quickly forced back a neutral expression. "...You'll learn quickly. It's either that or I throw you back into the wild." He hummed, swiftly pouring the liquid inside the thermos he had on his desk into a metal cup and sliding it towards you. "Tea. Drink up while it's still warm."

You would've refused, if it weren't for the look he was giving you right now. Those two amber irises were nothing like the softened ones you were used to. They reminded you of molten gold tempered in scorching orange flames, boring straight into yours, like a predator waiting for its prey to make the slightest mistake, narrowed ever so slightly at you. As you stared at him and the cup of tea he offered, his gaze flicked to the drink in front of you for a brief second before settling on you again.

You picked up the tea and slowly drank it in one go. Seeing this, Canada gave a vaguely satisfied exhale and leaned back against the desk, arms crossed, eyes looking you up and down once more before he finally spoke up again. "So. That matter is out of the way. Now, would you mind telling me about yourself? Name and background?" After a few seconds of silence, you decided to tell him, with deliberate care, that you were a civilian who had zero idea how you ended up in No Man's Land, presenting yourself as a perfectly normal person being trapped here due to unknown circumstances, and certainly not a suspicious individual with time-traveling abilities.

Surprisingly, Canada bought your words, or at least, he had the decency to appear as such. The country nodded once, clearly not paying that much attention to you as he returned to polishing his

rifle. "Private Wilson!" He yelled out in an even tone, to which Edward immediately stepped in, saluted, and awaited the Commander's orders.

Canada calmly told Edward to take you to rest for the night, and that he wants you reporting to the medics by tomorrow morning, and to treat you as any other soldier would be treated. And if the Private widened his eyes slightly at his Commander's words, Canada didn't choose to comment on it.

Finally, when you and Edward stepped out of that room, the guy exhaled a long breath of relief, as if he had just survived a great calamity like none other. Then, out of the blue, his gaze sharpened at you as he grabbed your shoulders, shaking you lightly. "How?!"

"...how what?" You managed, unsure what he was talking about.

"Right, my bad. I meant, how did you get Commander to like you? He never lets civilians we plucked off the streets- er, or the grounds, but doesn't matter! He never allows them to report to the medics."

That got you to raise your eyebrow, just a little. "Surely you jest? Uh, I mean personally, I'd probably die if I got thrown into the frontlines." You really couldn't imagine someone like Canada would throw unassuming men into the trenches, no matter how many soldiers he lost. Nevertheless, this Canada has yet to grow into the Canada you knew, so you couldn't really make assumptions just yet.

"Yeah. So were the previous guys. And yet their only choices were to pick up the rifle, march to the trenches, or die. Well, statistically, they die either way... But nevertheless! You got broader options... again, not really options, but still, why?" Honestly, how would you know? Do you tell him that it's because you looked like someone the Commander used to know? Would that sound weird? And because you thought that yes it would indeed sound eccentric, you said what anyone would.

"I have zero idea."

Edward stared blankly at you for a good minute, before giving you an unimpressed nod and continuing to lead you back down the

tunnel.

"Well, your bed." Edward pointed towards the uppermost bunk of a bed in this doorless chamber you two were in. "I would've squished you in with the other surgeons and medics, but theirs are full. So I guess you're gonna stay with us sappers. The bunks below yours are mine and Frederick's, by the way."

You probably looked like a dork standing there, staring at your sleeping quarters. Because he gave you one glance, then promptly sighed and went to fish out a can of beans from under the pillow. "While this is technically Frederick's, take it as a welcoming gift. Don't tell Commander though. And don't tell Fred." He gave you a wink and tossed the tin can at you.

And while the expiration date on this can was a few day away... you were sure this was sort of a luxury thing down here, for the guys fighting in the trenches.

Holding onto the tin of beans, you climbed onto the top bunk - yours, the metal frame making a sharp creak as you climbed up. The mattress was hard and damp, and the blanket tucked neatly in the corner smelled of sweat and blood.

"Aye, civilian, have it and get a good night's sleep," Edward called, and then handed you a spoon, "word of advice, rest up. Also, use this to eat." It was a crooked and weird-looking spoon, but a spoon was a spoon. And so, you cracked open the can of beans and scooped some beans, stuffing your mouth full.

You were sure tomorrow was going to be one long day.

Meanwhile, Canada was still in his little room, rifle left spotless on the table. He was looking at a messily annotated map pinned on the dirt wall, though his eyes seemed faraway. Even if someone were there, they still wouldn't know what was going on behind those honeyed irises.

"... whether a cruel mockery from the heavens, or a true blessing given form," he paused, a dry chuckle leaving his lips, "I do hope you'll make my grieving years worth it."

The next morning was, for lack of a better word, hectic.

You were ripped from the warmth of your sheets, though not maliciously, by Edward and Frederick. They threw you a medic uniform, patted your back, gave you some words of encouragement, and hastily headed off for their own posts.

You didn't dawdle, either. After a brief moment to make yourself presentable, you left to try and find the medic's wing from memory. It didn't take long, and soon enough, you were made busy.

"Yeah yeah- we heard. Just grab this mop and clean the blood on the floor. And be there if you hear someone yelling for assistance." One of the medics had instructed that when you tried to introduce yourself, so now you were doing just that - mopping the floor and rushing over when someone yelled to wrap bandages so they could do the more complicated stuff, all while trying to avoid the other medics and exist in this one cramped space. Hours of hard labour, then you got to sit down for a second and were given food - something mushy and tasteless but had nutritional value and was filling enough that you ate it anyway. Then, even more hours of work, the line of men who needed medical attention seemed endless. Once you started getting into the flow of it, everything became a blur, your body just moving on autopilot most of the time. You think you've patched Fred or Edward up once or twice, but you couldn't remember much of it. Then you slept, and then woke up and started working again, so others could rest just like you did.

You did that for three excruciatingly long days, perhaps four.

And somehow you didn't have a proper conversation with Canada once. Sure, you saw him once or twice, when he visited the medic wing to talk with the guy in charge about supplies and casualties, you think he glanced at you a few times, but you couldn't be certain. Sure, you overheard him talking to his men a few times about what he wanted them to do. And sure, he stopped you whenever you were going to rest a few times and asked if you were okay, but he always let you go with a wordless nod after you answered him.

Which makes what he said all the more baffling when the first time you have a proper conversation happened.

"I'm going back to Great Britain to report this victory and revisit the Allies' grand plan, since America just joined and it's messing everything up for us. I want you to come with me." The statement was made casually, as if it was merely an order rather than a suggestion, and he was only informing you of it now. "We leave at dawn."

Before he could turn on his heels, you stopped him. "Wait! I mean... aren't there many better candidates for this? I'm just a civilian, and if anything were to happen, I'd just slow you down-"

"Just consider it a... selfish request of mine," he smiled, though it didn't quite reach his eyes, "humor me, won't you? Unless you want me to believe there's a specific reason you don't want to see the Allies?"

What could you have said then, except to agree to his little request?

That night, when you returned to your room, Edward and Frederick were already there, chewing on some dry, tasteless ration bars. "Oop, and our medic's here. Heard ya gonna leave with the Commander tomorrow? Surely it has to be a baseless rumor, right?" Edward mused, clearly not taking the words he heard seriously, and threw you your own ration portion for your dinner.

However, your deafening silence in response to his question must've startled the two boys, because then Frederick spoke up. "So it's... true? You're leaving with the Commander?" You only gave a small nod and sat down, focusing on your ration bar instead. Fred and Ed shared a very concerned, very perplexed look before turning back to you again. "Did he even give you an explanation?" Frederick's voice was noticeably smaller and more cautious, as if it was a topic he barely dared to venture upon.

"No," your voice was probably even quieter, and you hesitated, just for the slightest moment, "...he just told me to humor a selfish desire."

Another look passed between the two guys, this one you couldn't quite place a finger on what it was. They were your only real friends here, and maybe they felt a sense of responsibility for finding and bringing you to Canada as well, hence your brief but quite meaningful friendship, perhaps kind of a mentorship too, in a way. "Then I guess it'll be a-okay. Commander isn't a bad guy, he might've thought you were a nice conversationalist for the trip, or maybe he's just bored of us familiar faces." Frederick joked.

And although the fact that he was obviously playing it humorous, it was still a silly notion. You and Canada barely exchanged any more than five words a conversation for the past few days. Not that you were blaming him, you understood that he had duties, and frankly, you were just a tiny bit glad that he didn't seek you out, too. This version of Canada was... to be frank, quite too military-like for you to feel at ease with.

The next morning arrived in the blink of an eye. As the helicopter took off and started to head to the nearest airport, Dominion of Canada wasted no time in striking a conversation, much to your surprise.

"Hypothetically, if you had a... friend, who died long ago. And then one day, someone with that exact face and demeanor appeared before you again. How would you react?"

The question startled you. Looking over, Canada was still watching the scenery, eyes distracted, fingers tapping rhythmically on his thigh. "I'd think it was a coincidence, but I would be rattled nonetheless." A simple and neutral enough answer was what you had hoped it would come out as, but it was hard to really tell, because Canada's poker face gave nothing away.

"Mm... I see. I would too," he stayed quiet for a curt moment, "thank you for humoring my odd hypothetical, I suppose." He hummed, eyes glancing back at you briefly. When his amber eyes met yours, you subconsciously straightened a bit. Canada's lips lifted just the slightest bit, enough to form a half-smirk.

He turned away from you again.

"Sometimes I envy my elder brother." He said after half an hour of silence, completely out of the blue.

"You mean America?" His gaze met yours immediately, eyes more alert. "...sir?" You added weakly, though that didn't seem to be the issue.
With a long exhale, he relaxed and went back to what he was doing prior.

"Mm, perhaps," He hummed, "though I wasn't really naming anyone in particular." He gave another sigh and crossed his arms. Now, you weren't exactly familiar with this version of Canada, but you were aware that whenever the Canada - the one that you do know and is friends with - sighs and crosses his arms, it usually meant that the man is being greatly troubled by some matter.

The problem? You have no idea what that matter is. And to be frank, you were also a tad bit terrified of the Canada you were sitting next to, so you decided not to speak out of turn and just waited for him to keep talking.

"We've met for less than a week, and yet it feels like I've known you for a lifetime already, or at least, for a great sum of my childhood." He continued. This time, his voice sounded almost... melancholic. "Odd, don't you think?" He smiled, though it didn't reach his eyes - an expression you've been growing to get used to.

"I'm sure you've mistaken me for someone else, sir." You replied with a calmness you weren't even aware you possessed. Canada merely hummed in reply and let the matter slide without further words. From then on, it was just an excruciatingly long ride, with neither of you initiating any more conversations. At one point, you decided 'fuck it' and glanced over, only to see the man himself at ease, eyes closed, breath even, and seemingly... taking a nap.

He looked almost peaceful like this, almost similar to the gentle Canada you knew. Now that you were getting a good, closer look at this man, you had a small realization that he didn't change much or age a day at all. His hair was those same fluffy, bouncy curls, his face the same youthful, soft features. It was merely his presence, words, and the way he carried himself in general in wartime that

made you comprehend him differently.

"Why are you staring? If there's something you wish to say, spit it." By the time you jolted back into reality, Canada was already looking at you, eyes narrowed, lips already forming a slight frown. And yet, you couldn't seem to find an ounce of annoyance beneath the expression, it was more of... anticipation, if your eyes weren't deceiving you.

"I wasn't looking at anything in particular, really." You supplied. There was a small pause as Canada just looked at you, no notable emotion swirling beneath his irises. "...Sir." You added. It only felt right to do so.

"Of course. My apologies." He murmured before turning away from you, eyes gazing outside yet again. Was there anything out there he could see that you couldn't? You wondered. Because to your... mortal, human eyes, there was nothing but trees and skies and dirt. Maybe he was looking at the birds? Or the clouds?

The rest of the trip was mostly a blur, but you like to believe that you got closer to Canada. Kind of. Suppose sitting in silence while Canada talked to and badmouthed Britain with his underlings was considered a form of hanging out. Canada did say he appreciated that you knew when to shut up, though, so that's a nice plus.

And then, soon enough, you stood before the Allied countries.

Well, that wording made it sound much more serious and dramatic than it actually is. In reality, Canada brought you to the building, told you to go get some fresh air and not to wander too far while he went to find Britain. And so you did exactly what your Commander told you to: sit under a nice tree in the place's garden, and then promptly fell asleep because the breeze was perfect and because no one was yelling into your ear to 'pass the sanitizing alcohol'.

"Hey, sugar plum. Didn't anybody tell you that you probably shouldn't sleep unguarded in a military building?"

You knew that voice very well, and because you could recognize who was speaking, you promptly decided that you would be better

off sleeping for a while more, hoping the guy would go away. You feigned to be fast asleep, tossed and turned a bit, and unexpectedly fell into a light nap before randomly jolting awake due to something you immediately forgot about.

"Oh, awake already? It hasn't even been an hour yet, sweetheart." The same voice mused from beside you, dripping with amusement. You didn't even need to sit up and take a look to guess who it was, but you did anyway.

The United States of America. The very same golden blond hair you've seen countless times at work, the same shade of blue in his eyes, the same toned, defined stature... except he was wearing a military officer uniform instead of a tailored suit you were used to. He was sitting on the ground, leaning against the tree, a leather notebook idle on his lap, and he was flashing that damn smirk again.

"So? Are ya gon' leave me hanging? Say something, sugar. Don't even bother with the formalities." He tilted his head and raised a brow at you expectantly. How come he was already kind of unbearable then? You don't remember Thirteen Colonies being this... much of a pusher. "I sat here and waited for you to nap, you know? The least you can do is give me your name." He had the audacity to wink at you.

"...I'm L/n. Dominion of Canada is my Commander," you started, "...sir."

America's pupils widened slightly as you spoke, though he quickly schooled his usual expression back as if it never happened. "L/n, huh... Ain't fate truly cruel..." And then he dipped. Literally. Stood up only to offer you a grin and a half-hearted excuse about urgent geopolitical business and walked away, as if that conversation never happened, as if he didn't just wait while you slept for an entire hour.

You managed to pass the time for another few hours before you finally spotted Canada. He was walking with Britain when he noticed you and quickly excused himself from the old man.

Unbeknownst to you both, Britain stood and watched as you and Canada left, his eyes lingering on your retreating figure, squinting a bit as his lips pulled into a slight frown.

"Grande-Bretagne! Are you coming or not?"

"...Coming. Though do tell me something, France. Do they look familiar or am I losing my mind?"

"Oh, putain. You say that about everyone, I am starting to think it's a symptom of old age. Let's go. We have a tight agenda."